

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 12, 1941

WHO'S WHO

JAMES WILLARD has lived in China for some years and has traveled extensively through the country. He was in a position to observe conditions and to converse with the people. Recently he returned to the United States. His article has been read carefully by three persons who know China, and they have approved of it. Such a revelation as this may be startling to those who get their news only from the American press. The concluding portion of the article will be published in our next issue. . . . FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN has created a lot of fear and fury by his articles on political corruption in small towns. A candidate for office in one town on the West Coast has had his articles printed as election proclamations. An East Coast candidate has been using them in his speeches. What we need in this country is good government, and that's what the Councilman is writing for. . . . WILLIAM J. MCGARRY, S.J., Biblical doctor and theological editor, explores the recesses of our Paschal dogma. . . . DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J., director of the Spiritual Book Associates and compiler of *Kindly Light* and *Heart to Heart*, Cardinal Newman prayer-books, offers some thoughts on the Easter feast. . . . ADELAIDE MARGARET DELANY has had varied, (aggravating and inspirational) experiences in her work as a journalist and sociologist in Eastern Pennsylvania. Some of these are told in her volume, *How Interesting*. She has also written sociological plays. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, Literary Editor, specialized in the Easter cycles of medieval drama during his graduate work at Cambridge University, England.

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COMMENT

THE FOREIGN policy of President Roosevelt and the Administration has been consistent. It has progressed from an ideological opposition to Hitler in 1937, to a more professed community of aims with the Allies in 1938, to a commitment of short-of-war aid to Great Britain, to a gigantic defense program for America, to an equally gigantic all-out aid for England, to specific acts which can be interpreted as warlike according to international usage, to a determination to fight Germany if necessary, to a clear call for a *physical* as well as a moral victory over Hitler and Nazism. The steps in this policy have been halting, at times, but they have always been taken in a forward direction. Whatever delay there may have been in following through the program can be traced to two causes: confusion in the minds of the Administrators as to the next move, and the necessary preparation of the minds of the people so that they might accept the next move. A present instance is that of American convoys for British shipping, and possibly, of American shipping of war goods to England. The Administration is hesitant and uncertain about making a decision that, undoubtedly and eventually, it will make in accordance with its general policy. The Administration is, at the same time, cultivating public opinion so that the decision to convoy British shipping may not be too shocking. Another instance is that of all-out aid to Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey. Material help, and possibly man help, along Hitler's eastern battle front would create a diversion from the long-threatened invasion of England. But the American people, however strongly they desire to rescue England, are not yet prepared to sacrifice all for the Balkans and Turkey. Under the guidance of the Administration, gradually revealing the next and the next move, the people have been lifted out of their isolation attitude and have been made war-minded. Since the United States has now reached this stage in which it will probably fight for China, Yugoslavia and Turkey, it is to be regretted that it did not fight for Poland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and also for France.

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TIME now to consider peace—to think peace, talk peace, pray for peace—never more than just now, with war's horror and tragedy increasing every minute. Not peace in the abstract but in reality. But no peace will exist save on paper without peacemakers. Shall others be peacemakers, or shall we be such ourselves? It is no small matter to be called the "sons of God"; and the Saviour has conferred this title on those who toil for peace. At this instance, American Catholics can do little toward the reconciliation of warring nations in Europe. Ineffective gestures can do as much harm as good. But the moment will arrive when the world will look to

us to act as peacemakers. Yet how can we be ready for peace-making in Europe if we are indifferent to our record as peacemakers here at home? There is ample field here in which to practise: disputes between capital and labor, racial and sectional conflicts. Mediation is not a profession to be entrusted merely to a few specialists. It is the call of every follower of Christ. By no mere accident the Dean of a great Catholic university has just been called to mediate in the Ford River Rouge strike. The charter for mediation is our Faith; its tools are reason and justice. All these are at our command. Let us not imitate the man in the Gospel who wrapped his talent in a napkin and buried it in the ground.

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REASON and justice, however, are easy tools to talk about but devilishly hard to use. Said the King of Spain to his Chancellor, in Claudel's *Satin Slipper*: "Whom shall We choose to be Ourselves in the Indies?" "A reasonable and just man," replied the Chancellor. But the King would have none of it. "What use have I," he cried, "for a reasonable and just man?" For that swashbuckling job he needed a man filled with fire, with "jealousy and greed." Then the Chancellor shrewdly "sold him" on Don Rodrigo de Manacor. In actual experience, the peacemaker tends to be equally pessimistic. There is labor enough in collecting and judging the facts in every dispute. But when all knowledge has been acquired, the peacemaker is helpless in the face of an inflamed or a warped public opinion, which has as little regard for reason and justice in practical matters as had the King of Spain. Only one course can make peacemaking feasible, be it at home or abroad: an incessant, systematic, popular education of all Americans in the understanding that reason and justice can be and must be used in the adjustment of human differences, and that those sin grievously who yield to jealousy and greed. This is the work for our schools and churches, this is the occupation for our Catholic press.

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IN the case of Harry Bridges, Benjamin Gitlow and other witnesses who have had former Party experience, are adding voluminously to the already massive testimony concerning aims and doings of Communists in the United States. All of this is instructive, but little is strikingly new. The trouble all along has not been that we lacked knowledge, but that so few paid attention to it. To two decisive points, however, we need incessantly to recur. Wherever there exists a genuine grievance, particularly of an economic character, there you will always find the Communist, chasing the ambulance of human misery and offering his pills of organiz-

✓ R v. 65 April 12 - Oct. 4 1941

ation and protest. But it is equally important to remember that the Communist cannot get in his work, his bedside manner fails, where there is no real illness. Where trouble is at hand, the Communists horn in upon it and intensify it in every conceivable way. But if there is no real grievance, in the words of the *Michigan Labor Leader*:

There is no brand of oratory or eloquence known to man which of itself, can persuade a well-treated employe to leave his job, cut off his own income, risk his family's livelihood, disrupt his life and walk on wind-swept picket lines.

Some reflection on these two axioms will greatly enlighten our consideration of what is behind the present strikes in the defense industries.

PIECE by piece, through study of more than 1,000 reports and letters from abroad and by numberless interviews, Samuel Lubell, who writes in the March 29 *Saturday Evening Post*, was enabled to put together a picture of incredible refugee tactics employed by the Nazis as an actual instrument of warfare. It is a picture of a twentieth century slave trade, of the scattering of countless miserable beings with the deliberate purpose of stirring up hatred against them and by means of them. Novel as is such a method in the field of international warfare, it is not so entirely novel in the very specialized field of neighborhood relations. As Hitler utilizes the planting of alien groups as a means for "softening up" countries for future conquest or invasion, so in the real-estate world we find not wholly dissimilar tactics resorted to in order to "soften up" and economically demoralize a neighborhood. Panic is created, racial bitterness engendered. Quite as in the case of Hitler, the very measures taken in supposed self-protection often lead merely to intensify the confusion and demoralization. We are living, for better or for worse, in a world of shifting, migrating and fleeing populations. The process that occurs in a neighborhood is but an image of what occurs in the world at large.

FUNERALS need not all be tragic. Some of us would wait quite dry-eyed at the burial of that anecdote about President Coolidge and the sermon on sin. We are against that story any more. It had an honorable life, so let the sod be packed thereon. In a neighboring lot we might inter the ingenuous little colored boy who found it was bad enough to be a member of the colored race (or words to that effect) without experiencing any other special religious affiliations. In the section reserved for the clergy, we would decently lay the remains (perennially rescued from the bottom of the ocean) of the parson, or was it a rabbi, who took up the collection during the storm at sea. He is dried out by this time and is weary of attending dinners in his honor. Many, many are the other candidates for such repose. The cemetery, as we envision it, might become a place of pilgrimage, where votive lights would be kindled in gratitude that the dear departed are really departed and will walk the earth

no more. The only fear is, who would remain alive? The breath of antiquity clings even to the liveliest of witticisms. Perhaps it is for this reason that Eddie Cantor's gag-writer dwells in a solemn old New England farm-house on a lonely rural road. It may be that the only completely new joke will be that which the world will have on itself, when it wakes up after the Last Judgment.

MARRIAGE is not a simple thing, or rather, the problems that arise in some marriages are not. Yet self-appointed arbiters can be heard on the air waves almost every night of the week, solving in a half-hour eight or ten family or marital problems with sympathetic voice and summary decisions. Or the arbiter will have a board to help him—a board composed of a department store manager, a newspaper editor, a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker. We are glad to note that others share our apprehension of the effects of these programs. Said Dr. Sidney Goldstein, chairman of the New York State Conference on Marriage and the Family:

The problems of marriage and family life are too complicated and too tragic to be discussed by amateurs or men or women who, because of lack of training, limited experience and inability to understand the implications of marriage and family life, merely deceive the radio public. The broadcasting companies, we are convinced, would not permit poorly trained and inexperienced physicians and lawyers to discuss medical and legal problems over the radio. We believe that broadcasting companies should be just as conscientious and considerate in matters of marriage and family life and the problems that arise therein.

Of course, the hitch here is that Dr. Goldstein would like to have the problems handed over to groups like the Conference. It would seem more sensible to hand them over to a group that has had considerable success in solving marriage problems for the past two thousand years.

THE temperateness that marked the Hon. John C. Cudahy's (the then Ambassador to Belgium) justification of King Leopold's action, when all the simplifiers were shrieking "traitor," is apparent in his report on conditions in Spain, which appeared in *Life* for March 31. He paints a gloomy picture of the starvation that is gradually catching up on the Spanish people; he points out the groundlessness of the fears that food shipped to Spain will find its way to Hitler. But above all, he has this to say of General Franco, and we call it to the attention of those whose blood still boils when they hear El Caudillo's name:

Franco has uncontrolled authority of a dictator, but there is no evidence that he has ever used his great power in a dictatorial way. He considers himself a commoner and has the common touch. Those who know him best say that he believes that a government and those who govern should neither be seen nor heard.

That does not sound much like a dictator, does it? Hitler is certainly in the public eye and ear, and so was Mussolini, until he stuck his formidable chin out just too far.

IF the harvest of converts is not yet quite ripe, it is ripening very rapidly, says Bishop Morris of Little Rock, writing about Arkansas in the *Epistle*, quarterly of the St. Paul Guild, for Spring, 1941. "I have noticed a great 'swing' of approval and interest by non-Catholics in the Church." About 800 conversions are reported by the Arkansas clergy, whose work for converts is centered in St. John's Home Mission Seminary, located in Little Rock. The rural districts are particularly favorable. Bishop Morris believes that the best results are obtained when the priest lives permanently in the region for which he works.

LITTLE information has been gleaned as to the nature or purpose of the conversation on April 2 between Pope Pius XII and the Japanese Foreign Minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, except Mr. Matsuoka's own expression, uttered to Japanese seminarists in Rome, that it was a "fine audience" and was the "prettiest moment" of his life. But one guess may be made with good reason, considering the well-known attitude not only of the Holy Father himself but that shown on various recent occasions by Mr. Matsuoka: that it concerned the prospects for and the possibilities of peace. Japan wants no war with this country; the Pope wants no war anywhere. Let us hope that some slight step toward this end may have come from the meeting of these two high personages.

NO Christian community is more venerable than that of the Maronites, among the Syrians who date their heritage of the Catholic Faith back to the Apostle Saint John himself. Alone of all Eastern Rite Christian bodies they count no schismatic branch, having always been fully united with Rome. "Syria, Palestine and the Maronite Rite" was the theme of the third annual conference on Eastern Rites and Liturgies held at Fordham University April 4 and 5. A Pontifical Mass, in the Syro-Maronite Rite, was celebrated in the University chapel by Right Rev. Chorepiskopos Stephen el-Douaihy, representative in this country of the Maronite Patriarch.

THE truth may take on varying degrees of emphasis according to those who declare it, but the truth itself does not depend upon the speaker. Certain truths, said Lord Halifax, in a recent address, "in varying forms" are in many minds today; such as the "absolute value of the human soul," the principles of respect for human personality, of individual liberty, of the sanctity of the family and the religious foundations of society. It is significant to note the correspondence of Lord Halifax's declaration with some of the articles in the admirable *Credo* drawn up for applicants last autumn by the University of San Francisco.

DID you ever hear of Eliza Gillespie or of Amanda Anderson? If you did not, you were out of luck, for they were, respectively, the first builder and educator and the first American Superior General of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy

Cross, Mother Angela and Mother Augusta. The Congregation will celebrate this summer the centenary of its founding at LeMans, France. The first Sisters arrived at Bertrand, Mich., in 1843.

APRIL 1 of this year marked the fifteenth anniversary of the death of the Rev. Heinrich Pesch, S.J., whose profound studies in social ethics had much to do with the advancement of Catholic social thought in the nineteenth and early twentieth century. His doctrine of "social solidarity" or *Solidarismus* was a Christian reply to the Socialist concept of the State. It was recently analyzed and presented in booklet form by Dr. Franz Mueller, professor of Economics at the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul Minn.

WORLD Sodality Day will be celebrated on May 11 of this year. The theme for this year will be "The Place of the Sodality in World Reconstruction," based upon the Holy Father's appeal on last Christmas Eve. A plenary indulgence is granted, under the usual conditions, to those who renew on that day their consecration to the Blessed Virgin.

CROWDED with 640 passengers, the Portuguese liner *Serpa Pinto* arrived in New York Harbor on March 30 from Lisbon. Among the passengers were Dr. N. J. Ovadia, chief Rabbi of the Spanish Jewish community in Paris, and his wife, a native of Palestine. They left Paris the day before the Germans entered, said Mrs. Ovadia, and found sanctuary in a Catholic seminary for four months, while Gestapo agents sought Dr. Ovadia. She declared that the priests and nuns aided the Rabbi in obtaining a card of identity so that he would evade the Nazis.

SUPPRESSED by the German authorities, the Lenten pastoral letter of Dr. Conrad Groeber, Archbishop of Freiburg, is published in extensive summary by the *Osservatore Romano*. The letter comments upon the difficulty for Christians to express the truth in Germany and upon the ostracism experienced by practical Catholics. The Archbishop does not believe that Catholics can remain impassive in view of the totalitarian hatred for Christianity. "It would be a downright sin," he observes, "if we should leave to the enemies of Christianity—who never rest and take advantage of all occasions—free access to the souls of children, so tenderly loved by the Redeemer." It will be recalled that Archbishop Groeber was one of the German prelates who, at the beginning, was most hopeful for prospects of a conciliation between the Church and the Nazis.

RUMORS are rife about the marital problems and religious leanings of James Roosevelt, son of the President. Wise men will give little heed to rumors. If such matters are discussed they will await the facts, which may always be obtained in the end. It is not what might occur, but what does occur which counts.

THE RED FLOOD OF RUSSIA CREEPS STEALTHILY OVER CHINA

JAMES WILLARD

THE present agitation in America regarding Japan and the Far East, though not unfounded, is obscuring the real threat for Eastern Asia. Japan's hoped-for results from the China campaign have not only not materialized, but have shown themselves unattainable. She is not the rising, but the setting sun of the East. Or rather, she is only the leaden cloud hanging over Eastern Asia. The real danger for Asia is the lightning bolt of Red Communism, of which Japan, ironically, is the potential.

To speak of the gargantuan growth of Communism in China, one must calculate from the Japanese blitzkrieg (it was no less) of three years ago. Before Japan's enforced guardianship "against Communism" over the Celestial Empire, the Red map of China had been bleached to a few polka dots in the recesses of Kansu and Shensi. Chiang Kai-Shek had proven himself the Saint George of China's Red dragon in his vast military campaign of pacification.

Considering the superiority of equipment and of training of Japan's army and navy, her spreading out over so vast an area in a year's time was not so phenomenal a victory as might be supposed. True, commercial China was practically all hers, but that is all that was hers. Her domination was over less than fifteen per cent of China's population. Force of arms could not win the other eighty-five; hatred of Japan is too deeply ingrained. In a land of so great population, moral persuasion alone could, in the end, take the victory. And Japan's policy precluded any possibility of such a conquest. But since Russia is the foremost producer and developer of this kind of armament, she had a free hand in this Pacific land of her world-wide ambitions.

Out of her University of Propaganda in Shensi marched her armies of agitators, a specialized unit of conquest. The tinder was all prepared: hatred for Japan. They had only to strike the flint. "Resist Japan above all else" was their banner. "All forces must be exerted toward this end" their preaching. Wealth must be conscripted to finance the campaign; youth must give its blood; all others must give their support and their labor. And thus shielding their intention of establishing Communism behind the wind-break of patriotism, they ignited the tinder and the flames spread.

Their relations with the people were amicable and suave at first. But once a foothold was gained, they used every means to accomplish their aims. A

registration of every person was taken, and from this were formed Soviets or cells. These were group-classifications of peasants, of artisans, of laborers, of women and a special conglomerate of young people suitable for military service. Each had its own part, active or passive, to play in the Marxist redemption of the world from the evils of Capitalism and Imperialism.

Wealth, too, must be sacrificed for the cause—if not willingly, then by force. In China, where land is the heart of a man, an attempt at its division or communization would have met with too much opposition; so its equivalent was exacted in the form of exorbitant taxes. Further, unbearable regulations and restrictions were imposed on all property holders, such as the constant employment of a fixed number of laborers, with almost impossible regulations regarding hours, wages and maintenance.

Common works must be undertaken, and for these, each had to give a certain fixed period of labor. Soldiers must be provided; and for this young women, as well as young men, were drafted.

All this called for much sacrifice? "True," was the answer; "but much sacrifice must be undergone. It is not for ourselves, but for our sons, to save them from oppression. We must fear no suffering, spare no sacrifice or labor for the cause."

It must be said that for some this battle cry worked wonders. Of a naturally slow, lethargic, indifferent race, some came to show a zeal, a perseverance, an activity, which is astounding to observers long acquainted with this people. Young Chinese, who graduated from the Red "novitiate"—truly such—came forth with what is termed the Communist "Mysticism"—a fanatic religious zeal which is truly marvelous.

But it was not many months before the people looking at this pink cloak of patriotism saw red. You cannot sow hate and reap love. The lesson was taught too well, and the hatred bounced back on the teachers. All came to hate the Red Fist when the soft glove was removed and the blows of the hammer and the slashes of the sickle fell upon good and bad alike. Woe to one who would ward off the blows, or even open his lips in protest!

I cite one instance. A young Communist prophetess entered a town, gathered a crowd, mounted her Chinese version of a soap-box and preached her doctrine. An old man standing by, cried out: "Don't listen to her, she lies! The army of which she speaks is not fit to fight, but only to eat up our

grain. The doctrine which she preaches is bad for you, for your sons, for China." The woman apparently paid no attention to the words. But a day later a squad of Red soldiers came, sought out the ancient and buried him alive.

This is not an isolated case of private cruelty. I have heard of places where it is not an uncommon sight to see hands, sticking out of the ground like sprouting sheaves, wave their ghastly warning against opposition.

All who are not in the ranks shouldering a Communist musket must labor on the soil. Hands not hardened with the callouses of daily toil in the fields are considered those of a soldier of the Chinese army. Without asking a question or explanation, the Red palmists read in them—death.

A troop of comrades approached a group of workers in the fields. A young Christian whose hands did not appear sufficiently gnarled was beheaded on the spot, without one word. I just received a letter from a friend in a village with which I have been intimately acquainted, narrating that two of the worthy young men of that district went into town to join the detested Japanese army. It was their chosen refuge and recourse. There were two other alternatives: Red corps or bloody corpse.

Though the Japanese hold the larger towns, the railways and some roads, it is the Communists who are the real masters in the mountain provinces, the middle Yangtse valley and the country extending far on both sides of the Yellow River. In these last three years, there has poured out over the vast North China plain, not only that recurrent yellow tide (destroying a year's crops, houses and spelling death and hardships), but a new Red flood which does not subside with the coming Spring, destroying morals and rights and homes.

And yet, never does the press give any inkling of these gains. On my way out, passing through a great center of China, I spoke with a man whose whole day's work consists practically in keeping up with events in China and has practically every periodical, Chinese and foreign, at his disposal. I told him about some of the Reds' recent gains, which I myself had witnessed; he was astounded at the news.

It may be conjectured whether this silence is due to direct Red influence with the press or is accidental, due to reluctance of Japan to admit these reverses. But certainly this silence is a great weapon for the advance of Communism, with its obscuring of the true state of affairs in China.

How truly Soviet is the movement may be seen from the fact that every military commander has a civil commissar by whom his authority is limited or subjected. They are truly Russian. From a long conversation with an officer in charge of about three hundred men (he was probably a lieutenant) I learned that every officer above his rank was trained in Russia. How much more the Government commissars! As the army advances, local governments are established. Or rather, in the greater number of cases, the army, as a coercive force when the spell wears off, follows in the wake of propagandists who have prepared everything.

I cite one concrete instance. So thoroughly was this propaganda carried on that the townsfolk were completely sold on Communism. Rumors of the approach of a vast Red army were circulated, and of the peace that followed in its wake. A garrison of Chinese troops defending the town fled in terror. On the very next day a Communist magistrate was appointed and a new government set up. Two days later, amid the waving of Red flags, which every household had prepared (with official insistence) a small band of troops marched in. The Chinese army could easily have held off the band.

I know that to many here in America, the cry against the threat of Communism is a cry of "Wolf, Wolf." "It may be bad in theory," it is admitted, "but in fact, it never materializes. Enough of the Red bogey-man."

For this very reason, let the warning be repeated, even to America. Three years ago it would have received the same boos in China. Today, these very boosers know too well that the Red ghost is, in reality, a bloody giant.

The advance of Communism over rural China is not an aim but a *fait accompli*. And being Moscow Communism, religion is still the opium of the people. The lesson of the throw-back of laxity of morals has not yet been learned well enough.

That the Christian Church, along with China's traditional and natural virtues, are threatened by the engulfment of Communism is evident, in many places, both are mortally wounded by the slashing Red sickle.

In their first advances in China, the Communist promoters proclaim themselves indifferent to religion. "There is no difference in race or class or creed," they say, "it is all for one, a united front, against the Japs." But at the same time prayers and sacrifices are scorned and ridiculed. "Why preach and pray? It is a waste of time. Fight! Now, it is action! Get off your knees and stand up like a free man. Stop your praying to gods who don't listen anyway."

Christian schools by the hundreds have been closed. Not directly by force, but by imposing conditions and regulations and text books which make it impossible for the pastors to comply. The output of Marxist and atheistic literature is enormous. And the works are little masterpieces. Country villagers who can read and who before read only simple tales and legends now avidly mull through treatises on philosophy. Many of China's most noted writers have been stimulated by the Red tonic.

Communist schools for the children are set up, guerilla schools, they are called. On the outposts these consist of a few well-trained teachers who travel continually about the district. They hold school in this place for one day, in that, on another. These schools are, of course, catechumenates of Red doctrine. At the sign of approach of hostile troops, the whole school scatters. After two years of these schools the children, if Christian, will certainly apostatize; while the future conversion of the rest is a moral impossibility.

(To be concluded next week.)

HOW TO GET RICH—TEN RULES FOR TEN DOLLARS A MONTH MEN

FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN

OUR little town pays its councilmen ten dollars a month. Frankly, the job's worth considerably more, and some councilmen, not in our town of course, take it for granted that the voters intend that they should collect as much as they can "along the way."

For a while, I wondered, in a rather vague, unenthusiastic way, just how they did it. So, I began observing and asking questions. By now, I believe I have the secret. I could write a book entitled *How To Grow Rich, Though a Councilman*.

Rule One. Suppose you're new on the council. Suppose you got into office on a reform ticket. You're grabby, though, and prefer to become jail bait for a few hundred bribe-dollars instead of staying decent and remaining poor. You've been told that there's money to be made in this new racket, but no one's explained just how to go about it. So you step to the phone. If the gang is already in power in your town and is busily milking the city dry, call up the most notorious crook of the bunch. Don't be surprised if he's the City Attorney, because I understand that in other parts of the country they sometimes take the attorney into partnership just to save lawyer's fees.

Call up the crook. Ask him to come down to your store. When he gets there, say to him: "You're a practical politician, aren't you? Well, you see, I'm new at this game, but it seemed to me maybe I could help—"

He'll probably nod to you to come out to his car. Slip a bottle of whiskey into your pocket as you go. When you get out into the country, open the whiskey, shove it at him and start talking.

It's as easy as that. You'll probably only get graft crumbs instead of a real slice of the loaf. But then, as you've already admitted, you're not worth much yet. Give yourself time. You'll get the angle. You'll learn the tricks. In fact, you'll grow up to be a nice little thief if you'll give yourself a chance.

It's as easy as that to get in. But be sure your insurance premium's paid when you try to get out. Because, you see, you've joined a hoodlum gang just as surely as though its head were called Dillinger or Luciano. You're tied in with the underworld now, and it may just happen that the gang will figure you know too much and they'll bury you free of charge in quick-lime. It's happened.

Rule Two. Pretty soon the Boss tells you the Fire Department needs a new engine or some new hose. That sets you back a little because they bought a new engine and a truck-load of hose only

last year. Now most of the companies that make fire-fighting equipment are thoroughly honest, completely ethical in every way. But there's been some talk about some councilmen forcing certain salesmen to split commissions or there would be no sale.

Rule Three has to do with patented street paving. Of course, if your State or your county has been so short-sighted as to pass statutes against buying patented paving materials, you'll either have to scratch this off your list or move to some practical town where the pickings are easier. Here, though, you have a product the honest value of which few people understand. Consequently, there's chance for considerable jimmying around of prices to the eventual profit of you and the gang.

Rule Four naturally follows. If you're going into road fixing, why not look into the matter of road machinery, street sweepers, tractors and the like? These vary considerably in price and in quality, but price and quality don't always vary in the same direction. That's what makes it interesting for you. To most of your constituents a street sweeper is always a street sweeper, no matter whether it works or not. In fact, I don't suppose even you or I could tell a 1939 model from a 1941 model just by glancing at its radiator, the way we do with pleasure cars. So any old sweeper or tractor will do—providing it has four wheels and doesn't fall apart in the first big breeze.

After you get the blooming thing, there's the further interesting matter of "equipment." Some of these models come stripped so bare that you're almost embarrassed for them. They're tractors or sweepers as far as the contract is concerned, even if they won't track or sweep. So after you've picked one of these Sally Rand models, you find that you have to buy enough "equipment" to get it out on the road and back again. Which is nice business, if you work it right.

Rule Five has to do with licenses and franchises. Here is where the gangs in the other parts of the country are smart when they cut in the City Attorney as a charter member. Because, you see, a City Attorney, if he's only a part-time city employe, can always (legally if not ethically) accept "retainer fees" from individuals or corporations who have axes to sharpen and lay at the roots of the city budget. All you have to do under those circumstances is drum up enough cases, pass the word that the City Attorney should be "retained" and, if

you've had a previous agreement with the City Attorney, you can't possibly be anything but richer—unless he forgets to divvy up.

Rule Six ties in rather closely, but is a little more ticklish. Don't mess around with it till you've had lots of practice with the other rules, and aren't likely to stub your toe and crush one of the golden-egg-laying geese. This has to do with personal injury cases against the city.

If a city-owned street-sign blows down in a gale and smacks a passer-by in the ear, it's pretty hard to prove (a) no contributory negligence on the part of the city; and (b) that the aforesaid ear wasn't worth a cent anyhow.

They're ticklish cases in court and ticklish cases for the grabby-fingered Councilman because the good old human interest factor enters in to such a large degree. It's hard to go to a person who's been temporarily paralyzed by such an accident and suggest at all tactfully that, if they'll kick-back a good share of the damages voted them, you believe a settlement could be arranged.

From where the City Attorney sits, of course, it's duck soup. He can always get up in Council and warn the citizens that if the case goes against him it will cost the taxpayers ten times more than the compromise will, that the poor old victim deserves some consideration, and that the Councilmen are brutes if they won't agree to a settlement.

For the Councilman "fixer" or "drummer-up-of-damage-suits," however, the pickings are not so easy, especially if the poor old lady, wheeled up into the Council chambers as Exhibit A, suddenly gets out of control and shrilly, violently denounces him before all the populace as a cheap, little chiseler who tried to gouge a helpless invalid. Still, there's money in it, if you don't mind the smell of blood on the currency.

Rule Seven needs the help of the City Attorney, too. It's really *Rule Six* turned inside out. Previously, you promise to help someone for money. Here, you threaten to hurt someone unless—. Oh, it's all legal! Quite legal! But, it can go wrong. That's why you have to split with the City Attorney—so he'll keep you from getting too chummy with the turnkey.

For instance, you know that a restaurant is serving over-age food or that a soda fountain is busy with bubonic rats or that a man's running a book-making joint in the back of his house. You go to him and tell him that you're surely going to have the law on him. He wails and tells you: "I ain't doin' nothin' t' nobody." You say: "Maybe not, but I've got to see the City Attorney about it!"

By then, if he's wise, he'll grin and say: "Sure! The City Attorney's a friend of mine!" Then he'll go line his pockets with greenbacks, rush down the short way to the Attorney's office, and have him all fixed before you even get there to collect your cut.

A notorious Roman long ago laid the basis for *Rules Eight* and *Nine* when he proved that the best way to keep the people enslaved was to feed them and entertain them. Bread and Circuses the formula was called.

Now, Bread in city politics means, of course,

jobs. There used to be a time when you could sell jobs right over the counter. But that day's about gone. You can't do it quite so openly. You have to get your men on the payroll first. Then they organize a "Grabber For Councilman Club," charge big dues, and turn over the take to your campaign fund. What you do with the fund is nobody's business—or how would you like a poke in the nose? Add to this what their wives raise giving "benefit" teas and card-parties, and the swag goes a long way toward the monthly instalment payments on the new car.

That's the Bread part of it. The Circus half is a little cleaner if you can be picky about what sort of slime you mess in. In the Bread part you were robbing the poor. That's pretty low even for a Councilman. But in this Circus part, you're nicking the rich. That's better, of course. There's less likely to be a squawk.

So, using *Rule Nine*, you promote band concerts or a big Fourth-of-July celebration or a Gaiety Week or what-not. Deal with the right band-leader, fireworks factory, or carnival company and the kick-back, so they tell me, is so rich that you'll want to raise a statue to the man who invented holidays.

Now, *Rule Ten* is really the dilly of the lot. If you work it right, you can keep going for years, you'll get five times as rich as anyone else in the gang, and no one of the robbers will dare peep. The idea is to get yourself elected City Attorney or Chairman of the Board or whatever they call the pay-off job in your town. Then, when the swag starts rolling in, knock a little of it down each time you pay off the boys. If they're run-of-the-mill, they'll probably not even be bright enough to notice. If they grouch, tell them you're building up a War Chest in case the D. A. turns on the heat. If that doesn't satisfy them, ask them how'd they like to go to jail.

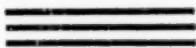
You've really got them there, because they're just as guilty as you are, legally speaking. They can't complain to the courts. Also you've got the war chest; so, if they get tough, you can use their own money to whip them in the courts. Furthermore, you can always salve your conscience with the old dodge: "After all, it isn't really stealing to rob a bunch of crooks like that, the dirty dogs!"

There they are then—the ten sure-fire rules for getting rich while in office. They're guaranteed not to fail. They can't! They've been tried over and over for too many years.

They're still being used, and used with too much success here and there all over the land. If they weren't, I shouldn't have come across them in my travels. If they weren't, there'd have been no excuse for my writing this article. I didn't do all this talking to teach you to be a crook. What I wanted to do was to give you a few pointers on how to catch the crooks in your town and stop them from milking it dry. These tricks are so well known to practical politicians that they probably fall down on the bar-floor laughing when a dumb or a lazy bunch of voters lets them get away with any one of them—again!

THE DIVINE PASCH OF THE NEW LAW

WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S.J.



FROM the time of the Evangelists and Saint Paul the beauties of our Easter feast have been celebrated. None can hope to do more than inspire contemporaries to think deeply again upon this feast of faith, hope and charity, of light, life and love, of sacrifice consummated and victimhood crowned, of eternal deathlessness shining out in the very gloom of the grave. Thither tender hands bore Christ after violent hands had disfigured His Sacred Body and driven His matchless soul from it; thence Divine Omnipotence raised Him. For "Christ our Pasch is sacrificed," and Christ our Pasch is raised.

Fifteen hundred years before Christ's Resurrection God sent the last horrible plague upon Egypt, the slaying of its first-born. "While all things were in quiet silence and the night was in the midst of her course, thy almighty word leapt down from heaven, from thy royal throne, as a fierce conqueror into the midst of the land of destruction, with a sharp sword carrying thy unfeigned commandment, and he stood and filled all things with death, and standing on earth reached even to heaven." Thus Wisdom (xviii: 14-16) describes the slaying angel.

This scene of destruction without and of haste and readiness for flight within was an historical fact by which God intended to prefigure the redemption of man. The blood of the lamb was the sign that saved Israel; the hasty flight was a Divinely contrived escape from bondage. Israel, saved by paschal blood, fled the bondage of Egypt. Mankind, saved by the true Paschal Blood of Christ, escapes the bondage of sin, Satan, flesh, death and hell.

Israel ate of the sacrifice of the Pasch. The journeyers and the later commemorators of the event ate of a lamb which was consecrated to God. When they ate it, its life was gone. The mark of death was on it, for man's primal sin leaves the mark of death and transitoriness even on the sacred object which he touches. The lamb which Israel ate was holy, for Divinely prescribed rubrics guided Israel in slaying it and eating it. But it was dead. Its life and soul were fled. Its cooked meat was a consecrated thing, and hence was to be eaten wholly; it was food for flight and hence to be eaten hastily. To eat of it was obedience to God's word. But participation in this victim caused no sacramental effect; the eating of this holy thing was only the sharing in flesh from which the life had fled never to return.

In general the eating of the Paschal victim by Israel was a symbol of God's union with man, a sign of God's good-pleasure in man's obedience and

a manifestation of God's reconciliation with man. Sacrifices symbolize friendship with God in Revelation, and when we turn to those ancient peoples who never received the revealed words of God, we see that they, too, had their sacrificial banquets. Pagan man thought that the gods of heaven partook of the souls of the victim above while man shared in the meats below. The banquet was man's contrivance to show himself that the gods were pleased with his adoration, thanked, appeased and duly petitioned. Reconciled, the gods were assumed to have sat down and banqueted with man below. Israel had not these material concepts of its God; it really ate of victims Divinely sacred.

The sacrifice of our redemption was infinitely pleasing to God because the Priest Who offered, and the Victim which was offered, were Jesus Christ, the God-Man. Our Faith tells us that an Incarnation was necessary if God demanded a true satisfaction for men's sins. Thus, a Divine Person, united to God's nature and assuming man's, would be the perfect mediator between God and man. Any deliberate human act of the God-Man would be infinitely pleasing to God, would reconcile God perfectly to man, would honor and satisfy outraged Divine justice more than any sinful act of man could dishonor God. But even though *any least act* of Christ could have redeemed us, actually it was a *priestly act* of Christ which did redeem us. Moreover, this act was infinitely meritorious. The Priest Who offered was God and Man, and the Victim which was offered was likewise the same God and Man. Can we fail to see how the plan of God's redemption was so contrived as to bring infinitely tender and deep proofs of God's mercy before our eyes? If we are permitted by God to partake of the Paschal Victim of this new sacrifice, then our share will be in One Who is God and Man.

Like all sacrificial victims, the Victim of Calvary has a two-fold aspect. The victim must be offered by man; more importantly it must be accepted by God. Else, the purposes of the sacrifices are not achieved. The pagan might contrive his symbolic banquet wherein he assured himself that his gods had accepted his offering. He might eat of the meats of the victim and feel that the gods above sat along with him. But did the pagan *know* that his gods were appeased? Was he sure that under his symbol lay any reality? Did Jove open heaven to smile on those who partook of his pork? No!

Israel banqueted upon the victim of its Paschal sacrifice at the direct command of God. There was an outspoken Divine approval of God's good-pleasure and of His mercy in His Revelation. And this is true of all the sacrifices of the Mosaic Law. Israel often failed by mere lip-service in these offerings. But when they were sincerely offered, they achieved their purpose—a purpose possible only because the future Victim of the Cross was prefigured in them and lent them what efficacy they had. Insignificant as they were in comparison to the future sacrifice of Christ, they were acceptable to God, known to be acceptable, and hence immeasurably priceless above the sacrifices of the pagans to their non-existent gods.

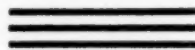
When the time of figure passed and the plenitude of reality came in grace and truth, the perfect Priest offered, the perfect Victim was slain, and the perfect Divine manifestation of the acceptance of the Victim was seen in the Resurrection of Christ. The wisp of smoke of the sacrificial fires, the curl of burning incense toward Heaven had symbolized to anxious pagans and to assured Jewish sons of God that the victim of the sacrifice had been received favorably in heaven. But its body lay eternally dead upon their altars. In Christ's Resurrection how that feeble symbol bursts into magnificent Divine reality! He does arise from death! He is taken up! The Victim of the sacrifice is raised bodily into Heaven! His Body does not lie below to be the sport of corruption. Its soul is returned to it, revivifying its members. It is lifted through the eternal portals, it remains eternally in Heaven, a Victim glorified, immortal, impassible, splendid.

In the Holy Mass Divine wisdom contrives that Heaven's Victim is brought to us and in a form in which we make our Paschal banquet of reconciliation. Yet miraculously the Victim Who had been taken to Heaven's sanctuary does not leave His eternal throne. Christ comes to our altars, duplicated, triplicated, multilicated—in thousands of places simultaneously to fill all the overflowing ciboria of our Tabernacles for our banqueting. Again miraculously, the glorified Victim is not returned to us in extended stature, shape and form such as He possesses visibly in Heaven. He dwells with us truly, but by a miraculous presence; He is whole in the whole Host and whole in each part of the Host. He dwells beneath the appearances of bread and wine in a manner which does not arouse any instinct of repulsion.

Easter, then, is the crowning and consummation of the sacrifice of Calvary; it is the sign that God is satisfied with the Atonement; the glorification of the Body of Christ is the visible manifestation of God's acceptance of the Victim; it is the preparation by God of the living Victim for man's banquet of reconciliation and love. If Israel was privileged because it ate of the Paschal lamb of the old Law, who can measure the Easter joy of those who participate in this Divine Pasch of the new Law of love? Israel ate of a victim, blessed, but dead; we eat of a Victim, living again with no taint of death upon it, with every mark of eternal life in it. Israel ate a roasted lamb; we receive the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Christ, the Son of God. There was no impact of divinity within those who ate of the Pasch; through Holy Communion the full presence and impact of God present within us is felt, for we are directly in union with One Who belongs even corporeally to the heavenly country to which we are journeying and will fully realize only at the General Resurrection. Israel ate of the food of earth which was sacred to Heaven for its quick escape from earthly bondage. We eat to support our flight from sin and sustain our march to God, and we are Divinely sustained. Like Elias, we "arise and eat and drink and walk in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights unto the mount of God, Horeb." (3 Kings, xix, 8)

PEACE BE WITH US ON THIS EASTER DAY

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL



"If Christmas, with its more tangible pleasures, is the feast of Christ's humanity, Easter celebrates His Divinity. Its delights are keener, but more rarified, and our own spirits must be tempered to their savor."

A year has passed since these two sentences were written by Dom Aelred Graham, an English Benedictine. The interval has only served to bring home to the world the increased need of tempering our spirits to the savor of true Easter delights. Modern war's savagery is a challenge to those delights. The former is the work of man's fallen nature; the latter is the gift of man's Redeemer over human hate and savagery.

Easter of 1941 finds a large part of the human race playing the part of Cain towards Abel. With all the weapons that science has discovered over some 6,000 years of his known existence, man, to the number of millions, is striving to his utmost to kill and starve his fellow man.

The world needs the assurance that comes from the Divine pledge contained in Easter. We can afford to be patient; to await the unfolding of the Providential plan that allows wars and famines. Somehow they are part of the picture that finally evolves into man's immortality; his being made a sharer of Divinity after human hates, wars and famines have run their providentially allowed purgings.

Sobered and saddened at the thought of half the world gone fratricidal, we may well turn aside from it and contemplate inanimate nature and decipher its repeated message. It speaks words of hope to those who will recognize therein the unmistakable handwriting of the Creator. The liturgy of the Church keeps this in mind. Thus the seasons of the year blend appropriately with Christmas and Easter, the two outstanding feast days of man's undying longing for life in its fulness.

In our climate, at least, the winter's cold at Christmas calls forth the warmth of the domestic hearth and its symbol of the loving God-like protection given delicate young lives by devoted parents. As a nation, though, we must confess that unfortunately this fundamental stability for love of children and their proper upbringing is more and more being destroyed by petulant and often scandalous divorces. Our sympathies are rightly aroused for the starving children of stricken Europe, but our American people, as a moral person, are indifferent to the starvation in character and religion of children whose parents are divorced. The old saying that charity begins at home is literally true of Divine charity. Its first concern is for the starving souls of children.

Fortunately, too, for us in the northern hemisphere, Easter coincides with triumphant spring. This year the twenty-third day of the season will mark the "day which the Lord hath made." In spring's ever spreading power the dominant note is resurgent life conquering death.

Cardinal Newman, with his mastery of idea attuned to the music of appropriate wording, describes this perennial victory of nature over itself and then applies the analogy to the second spring of the Catholic Church in England. May I, with the reader's indulgence, recall a familiar passage?

Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its ultimate return, to triumph over that grave towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops—which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair.

In the liturgy of Easter the Church uses these two notes of natural and supernatural victory. She seems to commandeer the word *Alleluia* (Rejoice) as if not content with the same meaning in the Latin version of *Gaude* and *Laetare*. Joy is the outstanding theme of her Easter Mass and canonical Office; joy, the truest, the most complete. In appropriate epistles, gospels, in varied triumphant psalms and antiphons, in swiftly moving hymns and hope-inspiring prayers, the Church proclaims the joy of victory for her Spouse.

Her precedent is the first Easter. In it there was no note of sadness, once the feast's glad tidings had been proclaimed to Christ's followers. Mary Magdalen and the holy women at the sepulchre weep and are sad until Rabboni, as the risen Master, makes His victory known to them. "Was not our heart burning within us, whilst he spoke in the way, and opened to us the scriptures?" exclaimed Cleophas and his companion, who had been on the way to Emmaus, and had their eyes opened in the breaking of the bread.

The Church in her Easter joy has an especial regard for fallen man turned penitent. The Apostle Thomas, typical of us all in building up a defensive "alibi" for our wandering from Christ, is forced by the Divinely generous Victor to "put in thy finger hither, and see my hands; and bring hither thy hand, and put it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." The repentant Apostle and future martyr to the faith then taught us Easter's joyful prayer of penitence: "My Lord and my God."

Possibly, the most typical and consoling note of joy at Easter is had in fallen Peter's absolution. Its environment was the miraculous draught of fishes for hungry Peter and his companions and the invitation to dinner: "Come and dine." For the future first Pope, that was a preliminary pledge of forgiveness for his desertion during Holy Week. Swiftly came the joyful moment in his life: "Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee." Peter's Easter joy was complete, even though his lovable curiosity about St. John ("Lord, what shall this man do?") was not satisfied.

The Messiah had been foretold as the Prince of Peace. And so Christ was born at a time when, as the Roman Martyrology notes, "all the world was at peace." During the forty days of the Resurrection, the Divine Teacher's constant word of greeting to His apostolic school was: "Peace to you." The salutation must have recalled to those now intent and earnest students the assurance at the last supper: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you. . . . These things I have spoken to you, that in me you may have peace."

How well the Apostles understood the need of the Easter peace purchased by Christ and how faithfully they communicated this need to their disciples is to be seen from the frequent prayer for peace had in the Mass. There the Church prays for peace: 1. In the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; "Glory to God in the highest and on earth Peace to men of good will." 2. Just before the consecration of the Host: *Hanc igitur . . . diesque nostros in tua pace disponas*: "That being appeased by this offering. . . . Thou would arrange our days in peace." 3. After the *Pater Noster*: "Propitiously give us peace in our days." 4. At the breaking of the sacred Host: *Pax Domini*: "The peace of the Lord be with you all." To the latter the congregation and server respond: "And with thy soul, too." 5. At the third *Agnus Dei*: "Lamb of God . . . grant us peace." 6. Immediately following in the prayer, *Domine Jesu Christe*. . . . "Lord, Jesus Christ, who said to thy Apostles: 'My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you' . . . deign to restore peace to Thy Church and make her one."

Primarily these petitions for peace pertain to the peace that Christ gave at the first Easter, the peace of conscience through spiritual union with the same risen Saviour. But they are not limited to the life of man's soul. They may well embrace his body's welfare and life, the world's peace, freedom from all war, peace among all nations, "the work of justice," as Pope Pius XII has so well expressed the longing of his paternal heart, following his predecessor who had offered his life for "peace in our days." The Church has, too, a special Mass for peace among nations: *Missa pro pace*. Its first prayer is incorporated into the Litany of the Saints. Its epistle quotes from St. Paul to the Colossians: "Let the peace of Christ rejoice your hearts, wherein you are called in one body."

Easter of 1941 sees even a greater need of this Divine assurance than did Easter of 1940. In the elapsed twelve and a half months a conquering army has brought its horrors to Denmark, Norway, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, France, Bessarabia, Northern Bukovina, Somaliland, Egypt, Greece, Albania. The fate of the Balkans is a daily question. England, Germany and Italy, though not invaded, have suffered the anguish of bombing, with death for many of their citizens. Nevertheless to quote from the late Dom Vonier: "One ought to understand that evil can only be a transient phase, a mere phenomenon of externality in a race whose core is the Second Person of the Trinity."

CATHOLICS PAY OUT MONEY TO SUPPORT BIRTH CONTROL

ADELAIDE M. DELANY

THOSE of us who are obliged to carve out a career often wish that persons who gave us advice about perils ahead had been more explicit. Emergencies arise that have not been foreseen by our preceptors and, until we cry out for help and advice, we fight the battle of life alone, so far as human aid is concerned.

Previous to accepting a position on the staff of the largest protective agency in Pennsylvania, this writer had several years of experience in publicity and varied kinds of newspaper work, a brief period of foreign correspondence long before the war—all intermingled with courses at colleges in spare times and experiments in creative work. Some of the papers for economic reasons dropped departments; some gloomily folded up. There had been, however, many opportunities to make sincere friends in these varied fields, and because some publicity work had been done effectively from the point of view of the executive of the Pennsylvania agency in question, I was assigned to a city district. Later, however, there was an unexpected assignment to the anthracite coal regions to help in the permanent establishment of an office in Schuylkill County. After that, long State trips to distant counties easily accessible to the great metropolis, Philadelphia.

Investigations in which the adults were frequently the guilty ones, court work—Domestic Relations', Juvenile, Misdemeanants', Criminal—all were included in the routine. One came in very direct contact with district attorneys, attorneys for either side, judges, probation officers, teachers, institutions of all denominations, workers, professional and volunteer, churches—all of which demanded of the worker in the field great agility, quick thinking, a knowledge of State resources, an overwhelming amount of clerical work and detail, attendance at numerous conferences, public meetings, round tables, and occasionally some public speaking on the part of the worker herself. In this latter domain the writer, having a little flair for publicity achieved by newspaper experiences, often made five or six talks in one session. Sometimes, if she luckily told real stories with a dramatic touch, she gained substantial bequests or the promise of such from those who were so impressed with the work from realistic descriptions of the speaker's actual experiences.

All this in the day's work. Once in a while, when interviewing a Catholic clergyman or a member of a Catholic Sisterhood, I was asked direct questions

about the attitude of certain executives or staff workers in the delicate question of maternal health clinics and what their existence implies. For a long time I felt as though these questioners must be over-emphasizing a phase of practical sociology that need not disturb the routine of my high-pressure job; then suddenly—or because I became more conscious of the propaganda or policy of professional social workers—I heard a great deal about maternal health.

While I was flying about the county roads with another social worker who had asked for an investigation of certain deplorable conditions, she would turn to me and say: "I am going to insist that Mrs. X go to a maternal health clinic. She has got to be informed about certain matters, and if she does not obey me I am going to put the screws on her." It was impossible to go into any long arguments when one was getting important data for a court case; so about all one could say to this irate worker was: "Of course, Catholics do not agree with your attitude in that matter" or "I wish you could have heard Father X at the mission last week."

Doctors from the municipal court, paid out of county funds, to which Catholics as well as others contribute, have stood before staff meetings as guest speakers and with the smiling approval of executives have said: "If I had my way, I would direct these women (referring to women with large families who for some reason had been in court) to the maternal health clinics." Graduates of non-sectarian schools of sociology talk glibly of birth control, maternal health clinics, and seem to feel as if their verdict on all matters of biology and eugenics were indisputably right and moral.

The *Survey*, a poorly edited paper from the best journalistic standard, since it publishes only one side of this profound matter, has had articles on the subject always playing up the economic and physical side. The *Survey* and *Survey Graphic* are the bibles of professional social workers. I have yet to see a copy of *AMERICA*, *Our Sunday Visitor* or any other Catholic paper that does touch on these delicate subjects in any office or library of any of the public or private agencies.

At a case conference with the former executive of the protective association of which I was a staff member, she said, looking over the records before her where a large number of children were tabulated: "Do you know, our committee thinks these

poor families have too many children. What is the Catholic viewpoint on birth control?" As many of the families referred to as being over-productive and so gaining the disapproval of the committee were Catholic, I procured a copy of *AMERICA*, which at that time did have some editorials on the subject, and presented this to the executive. What the committee, composed of affluent, fashionable women of leisure, thought of the article I never learned, nor if it started any intelligent discussion. The paper was put back in my box with no comment.

It gave me the strangest feeling to sit in a Catholic church or in one of the classes at our evening sessions at St. Joseph's, conducted so unselfishly and seriously by the Jesuits here, to learn the dogma or philosophy of the Catholic Church on this controversial matter, and then on the next day to hear a professional social worker direct a woman to a maternal health clinic or to sit in a dictation booth and to overhear a co-worker in the next booth dictate: "And so I directed Mrs. McGinnis to a maternal health clinic." Many of those directed to maternal health clinics, it was discovered, have the prefix *Mc* or *O* before their names or the *ski* at the end of their surnames.

Only once that I can recall did I hear a professional worker express any admiration for a person who stood by her convictions or the teaching of the Church. The professional was relating to another worker: "Do you know when I tried to direct Mrs. McX to a maternal health clinic yesterday, she turned to me indignantly and said: 'Miss M., you can give me advice on some of my financial or other problems, but I refuse to have you dictate to me about this very intimate personal matter.'" Actually I respected her for the courage she had, and I shall be a little more careful with her in the future—was the reflection of this, I must confess, unusual worker.

One executive did ask me about the classes at St. Joseph's High School here, where this and kindred subjects were discussed. I procured the lecture schedule, some booklets on the subject and offered to introduce her to some of the teachers—an invitation which has not been accepted. Is this invincible ignorance? Some time later there appeared on the bulletin board articles and circulars on birth control and sterilization—all, of course, non-Catholic and allegedly scientific. One would fancy that intellectual curiosity alone might prompt some of these executive committees and staff workers to attend lectures that treat of the other side. The writer gave as many extemporaneous lectures as were possible when there was a spare moment to those who honestly were anxious to gain the Catholic viewpoint.

A few, usually the Orthodox Jews or Protestants, seemed impressed when in my feeble lay manner I tried to elucidate. The greater number were scornful, frivolous and self-assertive, even antagonistic, to our teaching.

A year ago, I received an invitation to a "birth-control tea." An invitation to a tea usually is sent by mail. It is neatly engraved with the names of

the hostesses inscribed and has been in the past a formal announcement of a prospective pleasant party. This invitation was not of that sort. It was typed, evidently a mimeographed or carbon copy of dozens of similar invitations on a piece of ordinary legal-sized stationery. No names of prospective hosts or hostesses were visible. To say it was a shock to receive such an invitation is definitely an understatement. Apparently none of the others invited on the large staff felt as I did. I hesitated as to the proper course to take and for a little while did nothing but think. A day or so before the biological tea party I was approached by the assistant to the executive who in a smooth way demanded: "We want to know if you will be present at the birth-control tea? We are obliged to find out how many to provide for. We have no response so far from you."

"The office staff here and everybody else who will go to that tea knows very well what the attitude of the Catholic Church is on this serious matter. Also everyone knows that there has been only one side of this whole thing presented. Why do you people back of this tea not read the other side or have an open forum with an educated Catholic to address you? You can count me out," was my heated reply.

She made no answer, just walked off. The tea was timed, it seemed almost diabolically, on March 19, the feast of Saint Joseph, in the middle of Holy Week, 1940.

I walked past the maternal health clinic, where the tea was to be held, shortly before it started. There were no outward signs of festivity. No names were printed on the windows or doors. I assume from what I heard later that most of our large staff as well as that of other agencies attended. The object of this pagan social festival was, I believe, to collect money to push a bill in Harrisburg, with contributions coming from the guests.

The point of this whole *exposé*, if such it can be called, is that Catholics are contributing toward this movement, not only in Pennsylvania, but in all cities and towns where they stage high-pressure Community Chest drives, United Campaigns, etc. Firms which employ Catholics are pushed to get the one-hundred-per-cent quota of the drive. Big corporations and department stores, unions of all kinds, many of whose employees must be listening to the same sermons and reading the same periodicals as does this writer, contribute. Also, of course, since many of these agencies get large State appropriations, Catholic taxpayers are contributing to the salaries of executives and staff workers who are planning these teas and directing Catholic clients to maternal health clinics. It seems very inconsistent and ironical indeed.

This is an age of surveys, quizzes, questionnaires. Some enterprising, energetic Catholic periodical ought to start a survey of the non-sectarian social agencies asking direct questions as to how the paid workers stand in these matters. Then their answers should be published and made known to the generous Catholic contributors and subscribers. Then let Nature take its course.

OUR DEMOCRACIES

WASHINGTON is giving us by degrees a working definition of democratic government. It is the government in any country which declares war, or gives some sign that it may be persuaded into declaring war, against Hitler.

But if the Washington definition of democracy be accepted, we must prepare ourselves to associate with some very strange allies. For the Administration is committed to the position that we Americans are obliged to assist democratic governments in every part of the world. First it was China that was cited as an example of democracy. Now it is Yugoslavia.

Two weeks ago, no man in his senses thought of Yugoslavia as a democracy. To select only a few of the characteristics usually associated with democratic governments, Yugoslavia completely proscribes religious liberty and freedom of the press. A State church has long persecuted, with the aid of the Government, all religious dissidents, while bureaucrats took care to keep the press and all means of communication in chains. Nor does either of these liberties exist in Yugoslavia today. Hence, while we can join with President Roosevelt who in his message to King Peter on March 28 prayed for "the freedom and independence of Yugoslavia," it is difficult to agree with him that "principles of liberty and tolerance" have always been "cherished by the Yugoslav people." The people may have cherished these principles academically, but their Government was of another mind.

Now that Yugoslavia has been publicly commended for its love of liberty and tolerance, we should not be surprised to find Washington approving the Government of the Soviet Republics as a genuine "democracy." That approval will be given, provided that the amicable conversations which the Secretary of State has been holding with M. Oumansky, formerly a member of the OGPU, take an even more amicable turn. Something will also depend upon the persuasiveness of British diplomats who are seeking the ear of Stalin. Should Russia finally move against Hitler, or Hitler, taking the initiative, move against Russia, we shall have another democracy to cherish and feed.

Words are apt to change their meanings in wartime, of course, and no great harm is done, provided that we and those with whom we converse, agree upon a definition. Complications arise, however, when phrases are employed as Humpty Dumpty used them. "When I use a word," said that worthy, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more or less." Humpty Dumpty occasionally explained what he meant, but in talking about democracy Washington fails to follow him. Only from the context of recent statements do we know that "democracy" describes any government which defies Hitler. That may be a sensible government, but it is not, by the fact, democratic.

At present too many mome raths are outgrabing along the Potomac. It would be simpler, and more honest, to speak in plain English.

EDITO

HOLY

BECAUSE the world is full of hatred, we who are Christians must cherish the words which Our Lord Jesus Christ spoke on the night before He died. "A new commandment I give unto you: that you love one another, as I have loved you," is His mandate; and "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love, one for another," is the test of our loyalty to Him. Love of country is a vice, not a virtue, if we take it to mean hatred of any human being. The infinite circle which is the love of Jesus Christ, embraces all men, without distinction of nationality.

CONSCRIPTING

HOW far the decision of the Supreme Court which practically exempted labor unions from the penalties prescribed by law for unreasonable restraints upon inter-State commerce may have promoted strikes in the war industries, is a question that cannot be answered satisfactorily. Certainly the Government has turned a benign eye upon labor unions in these last years, even seeing in the now outlawed "sit-down" strike a legitimate method for the redress of wrongs, and it may be conjectured that this leniency has encouraged some labor leaders to go beyond due bounds.

Perhaps we are over-optimistic, but it seems to us that organized labor will not tolerate these leaders much longer. In too many localities has it suffered severe penalties for an unfortunate loyalty, and it is realizing more clearly than it did a few years ago the folly of staging a strike when boards of conciliation are available. The curse of organized labor for many years has been its want of intelligent leadership. The wrongs from which labor has suffered, and still suffers, excite the emotional, and supply the radical with ready texts. But sober-minded leaders, both among employes and employers, know well that there is no remedy in frenzy or radicalism. Neither camp can gain any lasting advantage from an injury inflicted upon the other. Labor as well as capital knows that unless rights are respected wherever they are found, no peace terms, acceptable to all parties, the public included, are possible.

It is to be regretted that some of the differ-

WEEK

NEITHER war, nor rumors of war, can release us from the law promulgated by the Son of Man. Hanged upon the bitter tree on Calvary, He asks us to learn to love all men, even as He loved them, and for their eternal salvation offered His life to His Heavenly Father. Because the world has rejected His law, governments transform the arts and gains of peace into the bloody waste of war, and while men are slaughtered in battle, at home women and children die of starvation. May the prayers of Christians everywhere during this Holy Week, bring the world back to Christ's law of love.

PTING THE UNIONS

ences between employes and employers must now be hammered out on the anvil of war. The conditions which so often create heated disputes in Washington are probably responsible for Representative Sumners' remark that the Government would not hesitate to adopt coercive and punitive measures against strikers in war industries, including the electric chair for workers guilty of sabotage. Mr. Sumners is usually calm and judicial in the utterance of his opinions, but on this occasion he went quite as far as some of the strikers whom he condemns. The significance of his remark, however, is found in the fact that Mr. Sumners merely said openly what not a few of his fellow-Congressmen have said "off the record." Adoption by Mr. Sumners, and by those who share his views, of the "cooling off" period, which they commend to labor, will bring them saner counsel. No doubt, the Government could enlist labor and put it to work in the war industries, but that it will adopt any such policy is highly improbable.

It must be admitted that the public can claim from the Government, Federal and local, full protection against strikes. But that claim must not be urged beyond limits. What the public is fully entitled to demand is that when appropriate means of conciliation are available, the Government oblige discordant employers and employes to have recourse to them. While the Government may not destroy natural rights, it should protect the public against an improper use of these rights.

WHERE ARE WE?

THAT is the question proposed by the venerable Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston. Millions of Americans who cherish the liberties won by their forefathers, and protected by the Constitution of 1789, are seeking an answer. Must we admit that we are wandering in the fog of war that has swept across the Atlantic, and neither know where we are, nor in what direction we are stumbling?

We elected a President and a Congress last November on the promise that this country would not go to war. The slogan of the campaign was "aid to England, always short of war," not "all-out aid to England." No one even imagined that we were shortly to assume the position of protector of all liberties in every part of the world. In that campaign, we were selfish with a proper selfishness which affirmed that the first duty of this Government is not to the British or the Greeks, but to the American people. That proper selfishness was strengthened by the assurance of all our political candidates that the country was arming for defense against invading aggressors, and for no other purpose. "Is that clear enough?" asked the President.

Now that more than a million of our young men have been drafted, we ask ourselves what faith or truth may be in these solemn pledges. Our political leaders state that we face the gravest crisis in all our history. The world looks to us, and we must become conscious of our duty to establish freedom throughout the world. We must be prepared, every one of us, to sacrifice not only conveniences, but necessities. For we are now engaged in a campaign of all-out aid to Great Britain, no matter what the cost may be.

Is the logical conclusion of that campaign a war in which our young men shall be sent to battlefields in France, Germany, Italy, Africa, and in regions in the Far East of which today not one American in a million knows even the name?

Who can answer that question? What politician, remembering the promises to the people in the campaign of 1940, is brazen enough to attempt an answer?

In truth, we know not where we are, or what the morrow will bring. All we know is that a million and more of our young men are in military camps, and that the industry of the country is "geared for war-production." Whether that war is to be a war of defense against an aggressor, or an all-out war on foreign fields, we do not know. "All this mystery is puzzling to the people," said Cardinal O'Connell, in an interview reported by the Associated Press on March 29. "I know the people want to stay out of war, but the Government seems to ignore their wishes, while still talking about democracy. Everybody is wondering just where we are. It is not a fair thing for a Government calling itself democratic."

There is a legitimate trust in government, and a trust which destroys freedom. The vilest tyrants that have cursed this world established themselves, because they could persuade a trusting people that

they were the protectors of political, economic, and religious liberty. By no other means did Hitler and Stalin enslave their people. To what extent are the American people justified in trusting a Government which, elected on a pledge to keep them out of war, ignores "their wishes, while still talking about democracy"?

In an address on March 29, President Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, said that while we stand on the brink of war, the nation has not lost the power to decide against war. That is dubious, but Dr. Hutchins is right in contending that we are entitled to know "if we go to war, what we go to war for." That much, at least, we may demand. To reply that we are fighting for liberty everywhere, only darkens counsel. If our purpose is to chart new boundaries and establish new governments for Europe and Asia, it is proper to ask by whose authority, and in what partnership, we shall do these things, and how these boundaries and governments shall thereafter be maintained.

We have turned our back upon the foreign policy of Washington. Must a program of expediency, which has made Europe an armed camp for centuries, hereafter be ours, a program fitted and shaped to meet the ambitions of a foreign power, no matter what our domestic needs may be? It seems impossible to avoid an affirmative answer, once we take upon ourselves as a national duty the task of establishing political, economic, and religious freedom in every part of the world.

The Saviour of the human race died to reconcile man with his Creator. Tomorrow the whole Christian world celebrates the day on which He arose from the tomb, the Master of life and death, the immortal Prince of Peace. Irrespective of his religious affiliation, every American who loves his country will get down on his knees tomorrow, and humbly beg Almighty God, the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to protect our country, and to incline the hearts of political administrators everywhere to thoughts of peace.

JINGLED DRIVERS

DURING the first World War, we lost more soldiers from influenza than from German bullets. The expected epidemic did not strike us, thank God, in the winter of 1940-1941, but we had the usual number of deaths from automobile accidents.

Statistics do not show that most of these were caused by drunken drivers. They befell drivers who were just "comfortably jingled." Because of drivers comfortably jingled, thousands of homes are bereaved every year.

We do not suggest that drivers' licenses be restricted to total abstainers, but merely that every jingled driver be sent to the penitentiary, and be held ineligible thereafter for a license. In such cases, appeals are hopeless. The only way of reducing a frightful death rate, as bad as tuberculosis and worse than cancer, is to keep these fools off the roads. Here we agree absolutely with the Prohibitionists.

RABBONI

ON several occasions during His blessed life on earth, Jesus foretold that He would be put to death on the Cross, and that on the third day He would rise from the grave. From those historical documents known as the New Testament, documents whose simple truth is made more striking in almost every country by the attacks which the enemies of the Christian religion make upon them, we can know that all which Jesus foretold was literally fulfilled. Jesus actually died upon the Cross, and after the soldier had driven a lance through His Sacred Side, was laid by loving hands in the sepulcher.

It is a glorious narrative which the Church takes from Saint Mark (xvi, 1-17) for the Mass of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ. "Very early in the morning" love drew the holy women who had watched on Calvary to the tomb. Among them was a woman who had been a great sinner, and one day she had gone to the house of Simon to anoint with precious ointments the living Saviour Whose infinite love had washed away the record that stood against her. Eagerly she presses forward with the holy women, who carry the sweet spices for the burial rites that had perforce been left unfinished as the Sabbath drew nigh. But Magdalen will not find Him today as she did when she washed His Feet with her tears, and dried them with her long tresses. "He is risen, he is not here," the Angel announces. "But go, tell his disciples, and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee: there you shall see him, as he told you."

Love was not thwarted by these words, nor love's longings quenched. All that Jesus had said to them of His Resurrection glowed at that moment with the glory of the first Easter Day. But even as they looked through happy tears at the empty tomb, Jesus had appeared to her whom He loved best, His Holy Mother, for it was fitting that she who had first looked upon the face of the helpless Babe at Bethlehem, should be the first to see and adore Him in the glory and majesty of His victory over death and sin.

Greatly daring, Magdalen does not forthwith heed the Angel, but remains in the garden seeking Him Whom her soul loved. "Tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away," she pleads, and in her agony she cannot perceive the Divine Gardener before her. The Heart of Jesus answered the heart of Magdalen in one word, "Mary," and like music that the world can never forget, came her joyous cry of recognition, "Rabboni." Not to Peter, His Vicar, nor to John, faithful to Calvary, is first revealed the glory of the Resurrection, but to Mary without sin, and to Mary who had been a sinner.

Rabboni, my Master, I too have sinned, but I have not loved You as Magdalen loved. Your Resurrection is the promise that if I suffer with You, I shall share Your glorious Resurrection. Give me, then, a spark of the love that flamed in Magdalen's heart, that with her I may stand on Calvary, and with her look upon You on the glorious day of our resurrection.

CORRESPONDENCE

THIS IS OUR WAR

EDITOR: How many of your readers would agree with me that the present blindness of the Catholic editor and publicist is little short of shocking?

This war, to me, is our war, and England a first—possibly a last—line of defense. Pour the readiest vials of cynicism on that or hack it with unblunted axes, I am talking as a Catholic and nothing else.

What editor do you find saying that the triumph of Hitler would be an unbelievable disaster for the Church? Or isn't it true? Who of them has praised England, even a little bit, for her magnificent defense against the enemy of us all? Or have we covert reasons for deeming Hitler our friend? Truly it seems our publicists and editors will play out the role of Cassandra and Thersites, with experienced ease will twist the lion's tail, will tip the anti-Semitic wink to the approving mob.

This is mystical vision. This is their inspired leadership. You can tell it by the American flag dripping all over it.

Philadelphia, Pa.

T. J. S.

THE DARK, WITH LAUGHTER

EDITOR: It's the same old story. We who are about to die are only allowed to salute those whom it pleases to send us to the slaughter. We are not permitted to give them a piece of our mind. There's no gainsaying it; freedom of expression exists only for those who control media of expression. Even in the Catholic press, it would seem, truth is relative to its utility; truth is prejudiced opinion. The Oxford alumnus is *ipso facto* an Oxford "scholar" and, like Caesar's wife—but you've heard that one. The voice crying in the wilderness will be heard, but not very far—while the cries of those of us who are about to die are muffled, stilled by censorship and drowned by the howling of war-mongers.

If truth crushed to earth shall rise again, then the Catholic intellectual had better start looking for a storm-cellar. For it was to him we non-intellectuals looked for leadership, only to be led backward, back, back, into chaos. First sixty-odd of them wrote a public pronouncement in support of the Crusade thesis; thirty-odd of them wrote another pronouncement having a Starve Europe Now thesis; fifteen of them, all professors at Notre Dame, rushed a letter to the *New York Times* to inform the public that Father O'Brien—the Oxford scholar, alas!—did not speak for them when he said this was not our war.

They have betrayed us, our Catholic intellectuals have! Sold us out, shipped us down the river to the shambles! But it is true that we Catholic non-intellectuals are not being deceived in the least by our Catholic scholars.

We level the same accusation against them that we do against the non-Catholic intellectuals, namely, the sin of irrationality, the revolt against metaphysics, the revolt against reason. We do not envy them their day of reckoning.

As for me, I look forward to the crusade and, in great disgust with the world our scholars built, welcome the scythe of death. For it is only in death that I can ever hope to get the answer to a puzzling question: why it is that our scholars preach the marriage-home-family idea, which is destined to fill the world with believers, only to preach the holy-war idea, which is destined to exterminate those same believers?

Perhaps, too, I'll find the answer to another question: why it is that the Catholic press is content to comment on opinion when it is obviously its duty to create opinion? And, ultimately, the answer to the great question: why it is that our professors teach young men both things natural and things supernatural, but don't teach them to integrate the two so thoroughly as not to admit of separation?

Now, as I prepare to exchange the comforts of my happy home for the inconveniences of a cold, muddy tent, I find myself again in disagreement with the naive illusions of our scholars anent the coming back in a year, or at all. I fully expect that my country shall, either in the name of Christ or of national defense, call upon me to defend the stolen real estate of the British Empire with the last drop of my Irish Catholic blood. And if that comes to reality, the laugh will be on Mr. Lunn and those of like mind. For, being in sound spiritual health, I can sing with the poet Plunkett: "Death and I go into the dark with laughter on our lips." Knocking on the door of the Recording Angel forty years too early, I will not regret having missed forty years of trials and temptations and the sorrows attendant upon inevitable sins. For Mr. Lunn, a crusade; but, for me, a blessed break.

New York, N. Y.

SOLDIER

CHURCH ART

EDITOR: Since so many art museums have opened lately, what about a museum or a permanent gallery of ecclesiastical art?

Yes, of course, there's the Cloisters, but that museum holds largely ruins and shells of past splendor. The museum asked for here is a place for the display of the art of living religion. From time to time we are permitted views of church art, but these showings are not sufficiently publicized nor are they continued long enough for the general public to get to know about them or see them.

In the old days not only churches but monasteries, charity homes, schools and so on were beautiful, inside and out. Even the monks painted pic-

tures on the walls of their cells. To-day finds little beauty in any of these places. Go through our Catholic hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, yes, our schools and colleges, and note their chapels, their memorial windows, their religious pictures and statues and articles of devotion, and you will be forced to admit of much mediocrity here.

If there were an ecclesiastical museum, these institutions might become members. Then these members and their charges could visit this place, gain knowledge from the exhibits, and, too, they could be advised and helped when the purchase of new religious art be contemplated. And they might discover they could save money this way. Perhaps these visitors would become so aroused by what they saw that they would start again as of old in their convents and hospices and priories the practice of the arts and crafts, and before long they would be showing their own art in the museum.

Moreover, the general public would be educated by this kind of a museum. There is a yearning for spiritual beauty in all of us. If all kinds of people were encouraged to come to this place we would get to know each other better, and a more general understanding and sympathy would be the certain and welcome result.

New York, N. Y.

PETER BREEN

EUCHARISTIC MONTH

EDITOR: In a spirit of complete submission to ecclesiastical authority, the writer wishes to present a Eucharistic project that may be of interest to the readers of AMERICA. It consists in the dedication of one month of the year to the Most Holy Eucharist with appropriate spiritual exercises in its honor. The purpose of the month is firstly to honor and glorify our Eucharistic Lord in a spirit of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and petition and to make some return for His infinite Love; and secondly, to save and sanctify souls through a greater knowledge and greater love of the Holy Eucharist.

For the fifth consecutive year, a group of souls will unite in privately dedicating the month of April to the Holy Eucharist. An appeal is made to readers of these lines to join with us in glorifying the Most Holy Eucharist and to get others to join.

While the spiritual exercises of the month are left to the choice of the individual, such practices as the frequent and even daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and reception of Holy Communion, if it be possible, daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Holy Hour once or twice during the month, or even weekly if possible, and the reading of literature pertaining to the Holy Eucharist are suggested.

This Eucharistic Month does not focus attention upon the Holy Eucharist for one month to the exclusion of the other months of the year, but aims to develop in souls a strong and permanent devotion to Jesus Christ Our Lord in the Sacrament of His Love.

If God wills, may this Eucharistic movement, still in its infancy, continue to grow, that the Holy Eucharist may be glorified and Eucharistic love may be enkindled and increased in the hearts of men.

For any further information kindly communicate with the writer in New York City at 47 East 81 Street.

New York, N. Y.

LORETTA J. FURCHT

MOTHER

EDITOR: The ideas of Vivacious Lady (AMERICA, March 22) are those typical of progressive education today. The sacramental signs of Catholic doctrine are absent. Marriage is more than pie-making and cradle-rocking, unless the two are taken as symbols. Any young woman who makes marriage a part-time job does a half-done job. There are only two types of women: those who fulfil their destinies and those who do not. This matter of destiny is not a question of complacent self advancement, but of conscience; not a self award for mental accomplishments, but of self submergence in the processes of life.

No child has ever yet been made "richer and happier in life" simply by a mother's home-coming after the "purposeful pursuance of a hobby or a profession." Home making, which includes character building of children, is an all-day job. A mother cannot say: "Now be a good boy today, Junnie, and mind your governess," and then go off to other interests. It is a mother's obligation to be near enough to deal with Junnie when he needs a spontaneous lesson on being a good boy; and beside, even though a governess may be proficient, she never is as worthy a companion for a child as is a good mother.

I will ask Vivacious Lady to cut out this letter and lay it away for ten years, and then take it up and read this: There may be trimmer tasks than home making and tasks that receive louder acclaim in the current publicity of any era. There are more remunerative tasks, financially speaking; but there is no task more awful in importance, more serious in responsibility than is a woman's full-time devotion to home making. As the home is perfect, so are nations perfect. She may create books, devise expert plans of salesmanship. She may teach minds of those not of her weaving with the *summa cum laude* of pedagogic skill. But if any of these are offered to life and her own complacency at a sacrifice of time and energy from a home over which she has chosen to preside as wife and mother, a woman will face God with sins of omission having been committed. Life is not for deriving "satisfactions" but giving them. This, however, is a harder lesson to learn than is taught in any college attended by "educated" twenty-one-year-olds.

And in closing this: God shares with womanhood the privilege of creating souls. Shall she make of her part a less important vocation than God meant it, by compliment, to be?

New York, N. Y.

MARIE DUFF

LITERATURE AND ARTS

EASTER DRAMA'S SIX-HUNDRED-YEAR RUN

HAROLD C. GARDINER

WHEN a *Journey to Jerusalem* or a *Family Portrait* appears on the boards of Broadway nowadays, there is no little flurry. The blasé theatregoers' interest perks up, for here is something quaintly new, a religious theme—of all things to appear on the Great White Way, shoulder to shoulder with plays that are distinctly not religious. Catholic circles stir with sensitive alarm (and sensible alarm, too, for we know what happens to the Divine story all too often in the myriad human tellings of it).

This modern stirring of momentarily awakened interest and of caution would have been a puzzle to the Western world of pre-Reformation days. Broadway never has heard the fact, and Catholics have largely forgotten it, but fact it is that for over 600 years, from the tenth century to the sixteenth, over all the Western lands from Sicily to Scotland, from Gibraltar to Riga, the only serious drama and stage in existence was a religious one.

These plays were called the Mystery plays, and some of them have come down to us, moving and eloquent heritages from our Christian past, when art and drama and painting all knew where they were going, because they were still in the Way, which was the Life.

These simple plays were all based on the Bible story, and dwelt with especial love on the life of Christ. How diligently, with what loving care they turned about and mulled over the all too few details of that life which the inspired writers give us. They exhausted these details and even, at times, invented some of their own, laughable and boisterous, perhaps, but all fitting into the general spirit of love and reverence that pulses through these halting stories of God's dealings with His human children.

So, in the famous *Towneley* Nativity Play, we read the long and funny story of Mak, the shepherd, who steals a sheep from his fellow shepherds, and hides it in the cradle in his house, stubbornly maintaining with the voluble seconding of his wife, Gyll, even when it is discovered there by his outraged fellows, that it is his "pratty chyld," who has been changed to his present lamentable state by "an elfe . . . when the clok stroke twelf." And how delightfully this boisterous, human scene shades off into the Angels' song and the visit of these very earthy and ordinary shepherds to the Crib to see the "yong chyld," the "lytyll day starne, the dar-

lyng dere," who will, they hope and pray, "kepe them fro wo."

Yes, they knew how to think on Christ's life, these old writers and actors, and the audience, too. How much they learned from seeing the story unfolding before them! They may have learned details that were exaggerated, it is true, but how much deep faith and simple, unclouded acceptance of the Divine story they drank in, too.

And no part of all that story was better loved than the story of the Resurrection. The Passion was dwelt on long and tenderly, as it should be—that sad and glorious day when, as one play puts it, "my master . . . was crucified and nailit fast, peteosly till [onto] a tree." But the folk then as now had caught the lesson the Church then as now clarions to the world: "this is the day, this Easter day, *this is the day* the Lord has made—rejoice and be glad in it." And so these old plays rejoiced in the memory of the first Easter day, and portrayed that day on the boards of their simple stages for the joy of the medieval theatregoers.

The re-echoing cry of these Resurrection scenes is "freedom." Man is now at last freed from bondage, if he will accept his emancipation. And may I inject a contemporary note here by remarking how much this year in and year out insistence through the centuries, in preaching and plays, on man's freedom through Christ has built the deep foundation of our democratic ideals? In the *Towneley Plays*, for example, the risen Christ addresses "erthly man" and bids him

wightly [quickly] wake, and slepe thou noght,
with bytter bayll [suffering] I haue the boght,
to make the fre.

And a realization of this great purchase price He has spent should bring men to love Him. The *Towneley Plays*, again, have the risen Christ say: "thou must me luf, that thus gaf [gave] then My lyfe for thyne," and man knows that He speaks true when He says: "here, in my woundys wyde, may thou se that I luf the, Man, faythfully." And all He asks is love in return:

But luf noght els aske I of the,
And that thou fownde [try] fast syn to fle,
Pyne [devote] the to lyf in Charyte
Both nyght and day;
Then in my blys that neuer shall mys
Thou shall dwell ay.

Most of these old plays in English follow the Gospel scheme in having the Resurrection simply reported to the three Marys by the Angel. In the *Digby Plays*, for example, the "angell" thus announces it:

Com hidder, women! approche mor nere!
Be of gud comfurth & of gud cher . . .
The batell is done, & victorie renyd!
The grete enemy of man thereby is subduyd,
That most hatid mankynd.

But in the *Coventry* and *Towneley Plays*, Our Lord Himself appears to explain how "for mannys loue I am rysyn up." And the *Coventry Plays*, with true Catholic instinct, picture Our Lord appearing to His Mother. The passage is steeped in a strong, tender beauty, and deserves quotation at length:

Jhesus. Salue sancta parens, my modyr dere
All heyl modyr with glad chere
Ffor now is A-resyn with body clere
Thy sone that was dolve [buried] depe
This is the thrydde [third] day that I you tolde
I xuld [should] a-rysyn out of the cley so colde
Now am I here with brest ful bolde
Therefore no more ye wepe.

Maria. Welcom my lord welcom my grace
Welcom my sone and my solace
I xal the wurchep in every place
Welcom lord god of myght
Mekel [great] sorwe [sorrow] in hert I lede
Whan thou were leyd in dethis bede [bed]
But now my blysse is newly breed [born]
All men may joye this syght.

These Resurrection dramas were not all made up of these pious reflections, either. There was action and conflict in them, too, the clash of will on will that makes true drama. The High Priests and Pilate were naturally the villains in the piece, with the Centurion as the defender of the right, stubbornly opposing their perverse will to deny the Man's Divinity. In the *York Plays*, this sturdy soldier who stood at the foot of the Cross is called before the priests and Pilate to give an account of what he saw there, and he tells them frankly

I drede me that ye haue done wrang
And wonder ill.

This brings the thunders of their wrath crashing round his head, but he sticks fast to the story of the marvels he saw, when "the sonne for woo he waxed al wanne, . . . and dede-men rose, both grete and small."

And so, the conspirators put their heads together and resolve to hush all the matter up. They will put a guard around the tomb, just in case. Pilate sends off his soldiers "to go and kepe ihesu body with all their myght," with the threat that if "any tratur steyll his cors," they "shall be dede."

So, in a simple and human fashion was the glorious story of the Resurrection told to the men of centuries ago. The sublimity of the day was there in the tale, caught as best it may be in our stumbling speech; the humanness of the day walked the medieval stage, in the soldiers and the priests, the Centurion and the three Marys, in the mutual love of Mother and Son.

And, in true Catholic spirit again, fun was in the Resurrection plays, too. Fun has its place on feast days, and the men of medieval England loved their

comic interludes no less than we do. One of the old plays, the *Chester* Resurrection play, shows us the three Marys on their way to the tomb to anoint the Body of Christ. Magdalene must stop to buy the ointments and perfumes, and we are treated to a scene wherein she haggles with the merchant over the price!

The soldiers, too, who are set to guard the tomb, are often figures of fun, with their boasting and self-admitted bravery and threats of "craking the crowne" of "whoso commys here" to steal the Body. And when they discover that the Body is gone, what lamentation, what fright, what plans to lie in their report to Pilate, telling him that "a thousand and mo, well armed ilkon [each one], com and toke his cors us fro." And when Pilate and they have cooked up a pretty little story to conceal the fact, he gives them £10,000 as their reward!

Thus it was, with intermingled shades of fun and devotion, of human realism and Divine sublimity, that the first Easter was re-enacted on the religious stage. With the fun and humanness of it all, the Christians of that early day caught through and in the language of the actors the higher language, the sublimer message that all art should vibrate to, the language and message of the Word. Certainly they went away from their religious plays, and from the representations of the Passion and Resurrection above all, with a vivid realization that they had been listening to the incredibly true story that, as Christ says of Himself in the *Coventry Play*,

such a frende fyndyst thou nevyr none
to help the at thi nede.

The art of these old plays, and of the Resurrection scenes in them, may have been crude and creaking at times, but they were a drama that was alive, because they were, as no drama has been before or since, interwoven with the lives and interests of the people.

It is a long jump from Coventry or York to Broadway, and from the Catholic drama of the middle ages to the Catholic theatre movement of today, let alone to the secular theatre of today, but it may not be too fantastic to entertain the hope that one day, even in industrial America, thousands may crowd to see the world's greatest drama again on the popular stage, speaking their language, moving their hearts because it has a message for them and for all men.

Thomas Mann, the German novelist, in his essay on Richard Wagner in the volume *Past Masters and Other Papers*, says: "I do believe that the secret longing and ultimate ambition of all theatre is to return to the bosom of the ritual out of which—in both the pagan and the Christian world—it sprang." That return may be a long and tortuous route, but Our Divine Lord's Resurrection, which once bulked so large in drama, is itself a pledge that the world will one day take the turning that will lead to that homeward path, for that Resurrection is the fruit of that lifting up He spoke of, in which and by which "all things"—men and their arts, and even their theatre—will be drawn unto Him.

BOOKS

UNION NOW OF SCIENTISTS CAN CURE CHAOS

THE SOCIAL RELATIONS OF SCIENCE. By J. G. Crowther.
The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

A BOOK of this type might well be called "A History of Science with Conclusions." The historical part, which is substantially sound, covers a good eighty per cent of the 650-odd pages, but must be classed as journalistic both with respect to source-material and style. The conclusions are occasionally dispersed throughout the narrative but developed formally and in detail in the last few chapters.

An example of the former is found on page eleven where the author, speaking of the early belief in the survival of the dead, says: "This evidence for the early existence of religion may seem of chief importance to many. Here, however, religious burial rites will be regarded as an illegitimate offspring of sound elemental medical science, and therefore a confirmation of its existence."

The main conclusion reached as a result of the historical survey of science may be appropriately summed up in a paraphrase of the good old rallying cry put into the mouths of the proletariat, but changed now to read: "Scientific Workers of the World, Unite!"

A good case is made for the pre-Galileo contempt of experimental science as based on the erroneous concept that work with the hands was exclusively the work of slaves. The modern era is characterized correctly as one in which the results of scientific endeavor are used without proper knowledge and evaluation on the part of those in control. Scientists themselves have been

either too busy, too uninterested or too selfish to concern themselves with social and political effects of their work. The result is the recent social chaos. The cure, according to Mr. Crowther, should be initiated by the organization of the body of working scientists in such a way as to permit the emergence of a national and international influence commensurate with the knowledge, ability and judgment of the personnel of this small but important group.

One cannot but admire and agree with, at least in broad outline, the aims and means set forth by Mr. Crowther, but his predilection for such authors as H. G. Wells and H. C. Lea, as well as his entirely unwarranted sanguineness with regard to the "planned research" in the USSR, would not inspire confidence in his judgment of men and governments—not at least to the extent of desiring a millennium in which the control of the world was in the hands of such representatives of science and the scientific method.

JOHN S. O'CONNOR

BRILLIANT PHRASES FAIL TO EXPLAIN MAN BY MAN

TOWARD A PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY. By José Ortega y Gasset. W. W. Norton and Co. \$2.75

WE opened this book with high hopes. Its title promised much, and its author's repute for talent and perspicacity has spread over three continents. In page after page of the five essays that make up the volume, we came upon brilliantly phrased truths and were tantalized with the joyful prospect that these would be further evolved with such amplifications, applications, and conclusions as might offer at least the suggestion of an answer to the many questions that stir in an historical philosopher's mind. What are the basic factors and universal causes operating in historical events? According to what laws and plan do they operate? Whence and whither mankind? By what ultimate system of values are historical

WHAT CATHOLICS ARE READING

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<i>Survival Till Seventeen—Feeney</i>	•					•	•		•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	14
<i>Grace of Guadalupe—Keyes</i>	•	•		•		•	•		•	•	•		•	•		•		•	•	•	13
<i>Embezzled Heaven—Werfel</i>		•				•	•			•	•	•					•	•	•		9
<i>Says Mrs. Crowley, Says She—Hurley</i>	•					•	•			•	•	•			•					•	7
<i>Come What May—Lunn</i>		•							•	•	•			•	•						6
<i>Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk—Dudley</i>									•					•	•	•		•	•		6
<i>Saint Patrick—De Blacam</i>									•				•	•		•				•	5
<i>Dust, Remember Thou Art Splendor—Plus</i>													•		•		•			•	4
<i>Jesus as Men Saw Him—Scott</i>	•	•							•				•								4
<i>Murder in a Nunnery—Shepherd</i>						•			•				•						•		4
<i>Wings of Eagles—Corley-Willmes</i>		•						•				•		•	•						4
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periods and actions to be judged? By what standard of perfection is human progress to be measured? Who set the standard? etc. etc.

But, alas! no answer was forthcoming. Vital questions are broached, then, of a sudden, the historical ground departs from under our feet and we are left hanging in mid-air while Señor Ortega goes off into airy tangents to perform literary acrobatics and scatter about glittering scraps. When he finally returns to the heart of the matter, as he does in the central essay "History as a System," it is only to tell us that man, liberated from the old deluding revelations of physical science and God, is at last left alone with "the reality that has previously escaped his attention"—"with his nature, with what he has." This is the "new revelation." But, lo! "Man has no nature; what he has is history . . . what nature is to things, history . . . is to man." And yet, "man is not his body, which is a thing, nor his soul . . . which is also a thing. Man is nothing but a drama . . ."

And now, our Spanish seer makes it his purpose "to discover in history itself its original, autochthonous reason, not an extrahistorical reason which appears to be fulfilled in history but, literally, a substantive reason constituted by what has happened to man, (italics his), the revelation of a reality . . . which is himself, the self underlying his theories." This "historical reason" is Ortega's master key to history. To tell, in plain English, what precisely the author means by this and other curious terms which he has, Spengler fashion, so obviously enjoyed in inventing, is asking too much. Ortega's terminology is no less arbitrary, individualistic and subjective than are the riotous generalizations that fill the book. Throughout this volume our author misses the vital truth that man cannot explain himself by himself, but only by something bigger than himself. And so, too, the history of mankind, which includes the physical world and its laws, as well as man and his laws, requires something bigger than both in order to give it a genuinely historical reason. DEMETRIUS B. ZEMA

ALPINIST OF THE ROCK LOOKS BACK ON LIFE

COME WHAT MAY. By Arnold Lunn. Little, Brown and Co. \$3

THIS is the autobiography of an athlete, Englishman, Oxonian, convert to Catholicism, controversialist and lay apostle. It is a loose-leaf note-book touching on all that touched on Arnold Lunn: his excellent parents, his literary brother, Harrow, Oxford, mountain climbing, skiing, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Spain, Poland, Germany, the present war, the United States, the University of Notre Dame, etc.

The author sits his life as a rider who controls. *Now I See* grows into *Now See Me*. The book evidences the offense by Catholicism rather than the defense of it. Yet, Arnold Lunn is at his best when he goes up into the mountains to pray. Some of these high passages are not only splendid but mystical. To climb a great mountain on foot or ski is to climb the sky. To have the skill to be materially and spiritually suspended between two worlds of clouds is a great talent indeed. Though mystics are seldom practical, they almost always have a great sense of fun. To have heard Arnold Lunn laugh is to be prepared for his rich sense of humor. It even flows over into some of his seriousness.

Nor can Mr. Lunn justly be criticized for his quite obviously pro-English stress. Do we blame a fish for being pro-water? Rather is it true here again that the more intense the Catholic, the more intense is his patriotism, and vice versa precisely. Arnold Lunn's patriotism should lead those who pray for more Catholic laymen of his brilliant ardor, also to pray for more outstanding Americans who love their native land as he loves England. Arnold Lunn hints at what we have here in America

that made Pius XI call our land the hope of the Church. Whatever it is, it isn't money and it isn't European. And it cannot be distributed. It cannot be even kept unless it be loved; it cannot be loved unless it is known by its name and meaning: The Children.

THOMAS BUTLER FEENEY

RANDOM HARVEST. By James Hilton. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

DEXTERITY in spinning out a story is about the only claim this novel has to justify its leading the best seller lists. Mr. Hilton has taken a plot that might serve for a longish, well knit short story with an O. Henry ending, and stretched it out rather gracefully to novel length. It is hard to review, because we are begged not to give away the solution, and the solution is the novel.

The story deals with Charles Rainier, an Englishman who suffers not one, but two lapses of memory, one as a result of the World War, the second many years later as the result of an accident. The first blacks out all his prior life, the second returns him to himself, but erases all memory of the years between. He had been happy in those years, and despite his rise to eminence, he is haunted by dim rumors of that lost happiness. His story is of the search of a man to recapture a dream, little knowing that he possesses it all the time.

The appeal of the book lies not in its style, nor, indeed, even in the surprise ending (which can be glimpsed long before the end), but in the fascination that far places, whether of the mind or of the world, have for us pedestrians. That is Mr. Hilton's forte, and about it he has written a good, not a great, story.

DONALD G. GWYNN

A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE

ALTHOUGH Lent is coming to an end, it is never too late for spiritual reading. Anyway, *Conversation with God* by the Rev. Anthony Thorold (Sheed and Ward, \$1) is opportune, since it is dedicated to the restless of spirit. There are eighteen short chapters that unfold a way of life that is closely related to the Little Way of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, whose writings are frequently quoted.

There are forty-seven meditations on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and Holy Communion by Blessed Peter Julius Eymard in *Holy Communion* (Sentinel Press, \$1). Blessed Peter chose to base these devotions to the Eucharist on sound theological truths. But that is not to say that they are academic, for the series makes an appeal not only to clergy and Religious, but to the devout laity as well.

Instructions on Christian Doctrine. The Commandments of God, by the Rev. Nicholas O'Rafferty (Bruce, \$3) is the third of a series on Christian doctrine. The clergy will find it valuable in preparation of sermons on the Commandments, and both teachers and parents will find these instructions very much to the point.

Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B. in *The Love of God* (Longmans, \$2.50) presents a devotional work on the nature, conditions, expressions and effects of the love of God. It is more necessary, says this son of Saint Benedict, to love God than to know Him. In short, this is a brief treatise on Divine Charity, with a special appeal to all those who seek to love God.

A real old-timer in apologetics for the multitude is Fra di Bruno's *Catholic Belief*, which has been revised by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cartmell (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 2s. 6d). Many a convert owes his conversion to this outspoken manual of Catholic doctrine, which goes back to the days of Cardinal Manning. It is one of the classics in conversion literature.

In 1913 there was much talk both in the House of God and in the House of Commons about the conversion of

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the Anglican Benedictine monks and nuns of Caldey and Talacre. In *The Call of Caldey*, by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 3s. 6d.) the story of the conversion of the Church of England Benedictines is recalled by Father Camm, who was commissioned to prepare these religious for their entrance into the Catholic Church. So he speaks from first-hand knowledge.

From out the pages of French Canadian history comes *Marguerite Bourgeoys and Her Congregation*, by Sister St. Ignatius Doyle, S.N.D. (Garden City Press). The story goes back to 1642, when this young French girl resolved to found a teaching order in New France, and in 1653 she sailed for the settlement that ultimately became Montreal. This is a stirring example of hagiography and history that no North American will want to miss.

In the last war Vera Brittain was a volunteer nurse in London, Malta and on the Continent. Her *England's Hour* (Macmillan, \$2.50) is a nursing veteran's account of what is happening in Britain now. A trifle impersonal, perhaps; but the author is of a race not given to displaying their emotions to the public gaze.

Today's turmoil has evidently soured Theodore Dreiser, whose *America Is Worth Saving* (Modern Age Books, \$2.50) appears much like an old man's tirade against Britain and shows a more than benevolent neutrality toward the benevolence of the Red brethren. His concern for America is truly patriotic; but some of his tail-twisting clichés have reached the moulting stage.

You do not have to accept as axiomatic all that Sir Norman Angell has to say in *America's Dilemma: Alone or Allied?* (Harper, \$1.75). The thesis here advanced is a contrast between isolationism and non-isolationism. Its purpose is to advocate collective security, and the conclusions reached are not necessarily one-sided because the author was once a member of the House of Commons.

Harold Levine in *Fifth Column in America* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) delves into the question of our national Quislings. Probably, in some instances, Mr. Levine has got the right thing by the tail. But in the interests of frankness, the fifth-columnness of some of his candidates is open to question. There is such a thing as the law of evidence.

Peter Markham in *America Next* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75) seems to advocate some kind of condominium, a sort of Anglo-American empire. He has summarized events from Versailles in 1919 to Poland in 1939, very clearly and certainly with perspicacity. But somehow his proposals seem to lack conviction, for all that he is a keen analyst of European political conditions.

In *The Search for Financial Security* (Columbia University Press, \$1.25), Robert B. Warren traces the quest for security in our recent monetary and banking laws. This is somewhat of a book for specialists, which will mean little to the average reader, unless he has somewhat more than a nodding acquaintance with the American money and banking system.

Taxes, like death, are certain. So there is an element of certainty in *Taxation and Fiscal Policy*, by Mabel Newcomer (Columbia University Press, \$1.25). This is not a book solely for experts, so the average citizen will learn something stimulating about both government and public finances. As a contribution to the economics of war, the book is welcome.

The many friends of Father Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. will extend the glad hand to his group of short stories *Homeward Bound* (Wagner, \$2). Pugilists, stock brokers and other criminals figure in these tales, which are not lacking in dramatic appeal. At times Father Chetwood gets a bit steep, even somewhat theological. But he is never sloppy or sentimental, and he has the facility of knowing how to say what he wants to say.

Kathleen Norris has brought out a collection of her favorite short stories in *These I Like Best* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Mrs. Norris is at her best in this selection, and it is not saying too much that in these stories we have modern American literature in a very appealing form.

THE GLANCER

MUSIC

THE Brahms *Third Symphony in F major, Opus 90*, has recently been recorded by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, led by Frederick Stock. It was released on April 1 by Columbia Masterworks-M 443. The recording is in eight parts, on four twelve-inch records, and is superbly done by a great symphonic organization.

Brahms composed four symphonies during his lifetime. He did not feel that his writing technique was equal to symphonic composition and did not embark on this large form until the ripe age of forty-four.

After composing the first movement of his First Symphony he said: "I shall never compose a symphony! You have no idea how the likes of us feel when we hear the tramp of a giant like him (Beethoven) behind us." In the same spirit the magnificent Fourth Symphony was described to a friend as "one of those sets of waltzes and polkas" and to another as "a few entr'actes."

His Third Symphony is sometimes called the *Eroica*. It is written in four movements and in its purely human qualities it is Brahms' most important symphony.

Upon examining the symphony one will find that the first movement is made up of broken rhythms. The flute is used in florid passages in figuration and then a middle section, slow and sustained, is introduced before the first section returns and builds up to a crashing climax, with full orchestra playing in broken chords. The movement ends with sustained chords in the reed and brass section against a running figure in the strings. The last few measures have a delightful pizzicato effect.

The second movement is an *andante* with a theme built on long lines. It is reiterated in different ways. Brahms was very fond of introducing folk tunes where one would least expect them. This folk song melody is first introduced in the clarinet and bassoon. Then comes a long development section. Finally a figuration of sixteenth notes imitate each other in the strings. This movement is rich in mystical, dreamy tonal effects due to Brahms' characteristic writing of suspensions.

The third movement (*poco allegretto*) contains one of the most sublime melodies ever composed. A novel accompaniment of triplets is heard against the melody. This was a new device at this time. The melody is first introduced in the cello section and after a short transition the violins take it. Then the French horns take this haunting melody and after another transition, return to it. With an added coda, the movement ends.

Brahms postpones the real dramatic denouement until the last movement. Big chords in broken rhythms give the first indication of the concluding movement, which ends in a mood of resignation. In this movement he sums up the whole work.

With this same characteristic self depreciation, Brahms announced his prodigious *Piano Concerto in B flat major* as "a tiny, tiny, piano concerto, with a tiny, tiny wisp of a scherzo." It has recently been recorded for RCA Victor Musical Masterpiece Series-M 740 by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra with Vladimir Horowitz at the piano.

Of course, one realizes that Brahms was in a whimsical mood when he said that the B flat major piano concerto was "just a few little piano pieces." This work is judged by pianists the most difficult concerto written in the Romantic period. Brahms had his own individual piano technique and was a fine pianist. He does not spare the pianist one difficulty, for the concerto is filled with long passages of octaves, double notes and difficult rhythms. In order to play it as Vladimir Horowitz does, one must own a monumental technique.

Backed up by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, this recording is well worth consideration. The ensemble playing with its occasional *rubato* makes it even more alluring.

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THEATRE

NATIVE SON. There are those who profess to see in the finish of *Native Son* a dawn of brighter social conditions for the Negro. I do not find this in the text or action of the play, made from Richard Wright's novel by Paul Green and Mr. Wright and now on the stage of the St. James Theatre. It seemed to me, at the end of this deeply depressing but powerful play, that there is no hope for Negroes such as Canada Lee until they have been educated in Christian principles. But that is merely a reflection on the general effect of the play. Let us now consider it in some detail.

The unheroic hero of *Native Son* is Bigger Thomas—the role is superbly played by Canada Lee, but the character itself is crawlingly vicious. From his childhood Bigger Thomas has been a coward and an incipient criminal. He develops into a full-fledged criminal when he murders the daughter of the man for whom he is working as chauffeur. The daughter, admirably played by Anne Burr, is as loathsome in her way as Bigger Thomas is in his. She is degenerate and a drunkard.

On the night of the murder she has Thomas drive her first to a radical meeting and then in turn, apparently, to most of Chicago's night clubs, where they drink together. When she is thoroughly drunk she consents to let him take her home and forces him to carry her up to her bedroom. Thomas realizes the peril of this situation to himself, and tries to get away from her. In the midst of the scene between them her blind mother appears in the bedroom. In her adjoining room she has heard their voices.

In self protection Thomas stifles the babbling of the girl with a pillow. Unintentionally, he has smothered and killed her. The blind mother hears nothing more, thinks she has been mistaken, and leaves the room. Bigger, discovering that the girl is dead and frantic with fear of the consequences, takes her dead body down to the basement of the house and throws it into the furnace. The audience does not see this, but it is a very conceivable picture. The girl is very small and slight.

The remainder of the sordid play is taken up with his flight from justice, his capture—in the course of which he kills a young girl of his own race—and his imprisonment. It is painful and depressing.

The acting of Canada Lee is amazingly good. Anne Burr is a young actress from whom we can expect a great deal in the future. Ray Collins does extremely well as the lawyer vainly defending Thomas at his trial, and Paul Stewart gives us one of the few recognizable newspaper men the stage has offered us. He almost tops the most dramatic scene in the play. If anyone but Lee were acting opposite him, he would top it. A good word must be said for the setting by James Morcum, and of course the direction by Orson Welles.

There is no intermission. The entire drama is presented in ten scenes, interrupted only by an occasional momentary drop of the curtain, and the noise of the furnace in the basement, evidently designed to drown the sound of swiftly changing scenes. The backstage work—aside from the furnace noise—is extremely quiet and clever, but we have no time to think of that. Our eyes, our ears, our thoughts are given to the play. The eyes and ears, however, have a hard time of it. Most of the scenes are played in semi-darkness, and many of the lines are so softly delivered that it is impossible to hear them.

All this being so, these are, nevertheless, impressive nights at the St. James Theatre. There are critics who insist that the biggest play of the season is there. I do not agree with that!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

(The author of the book is a Communist; the play carries strong Left-wing propaganda. EDITOR.)

FILMS

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! It is a strange tribute to Britain's greatness which spends the better part of its footage exposing the weakness of one of her heroes, and Alexander Korda is rather pretentious in interlarding his romance of history through the keyhole with current propaganda. The interest is too obviously in a triangle rather than in Trafalgar for the film to pass as a patriotic gesture. In mounting and direction, the production is pompous, but its characterizations are vivid enough to compensate for a clutter of historical detail. In a telling flashback, the fall of the faded Lady Hamilton is contrasted with her triumphs when, as an intimate of the Court of Naples, she came to the aid of the rising Captain Nelson in his long struggle with Napoleon. Their illicit romance is followed up to Nelson's death. It is sober drama, handled with restraint, and adds to an impression of heaviness by stressing Napoleon's role as prototype of the contemporary dictator. The dialog is suspiciously apropos, and the characters' implied awareness of Hitler does not add to the validity of the plot. Vivien Leigh manages to be both obviously glamorous and dramatically effective, and Laurence Olivier is workmanlike as the battle-scarred Nelson. Alan Mowbray, Sara Allgood and Gladys Cooper are also noteworthy. Granted that the plot was born in the research department, it is too complacent toward Nelson's affair, but, with this reservation, *adults* will find it interesting and colorful entertainment. (*United Artists*)

THE ROAD TO ZANZIBAR. The most refreshing note about this travelog farce is its complete lack of self-consciousness. As befits a musical director, Victor Schertzinger has stressed the musical content, but even this is given a humorous turn. Two vaudeville actors at large in Africa are induced to escort a couple of American girls across country to meet an imaginary father, but when a mercenary marriage appears as the heroine's real object, a romantic new deal is forced all around. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope divide comedy honors, which are plentiful, and Dorothy Lamour is preserved from her usual incongruity by the generally nonsensical nature of the film. Una Merkel and Eric Blore add to the fun in an *adult picture* which is mirth unrefined. (*Paramount*)

I WANTED WINGS. For a preparedness propaganda film, this air epic gets entangled in some rather seamy complications. There are angles which can hardly be described as inspirational in the account of the adventures of three flying rookies, and one of them becomes involved with a brassy entertainer who meets her death in an airplane crash after a murder. The bulk of the film, however, is exposition, and shows in detail the training of cadet fliers. Mitchell Leisen's direction follows the line of least resistance in depending on aerial sequences for major excitements. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris, Brian Donlevy, William Holden, Constance Moore and Veronica Lake are capable in an *adult film* which, though essentially moral, is marred by very considerable lapses in the costume department. (*Paramount*)

THE BAD MAN. Porter Emerson Browne's old story of a Mexican bandit who turns philanthropist in his own violent fashion is still agreeable entertainment if not too much is expected of it. The bandit solves the twin difficulties of a mortgage and a marital mix-up for an old friend without worrying about the ethical implications. Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day and Ronald Reagan are chiefly and creditably concerned in an *adult comedy-melodrama* adequately directed by Richard Thorpe. (*MGM*) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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